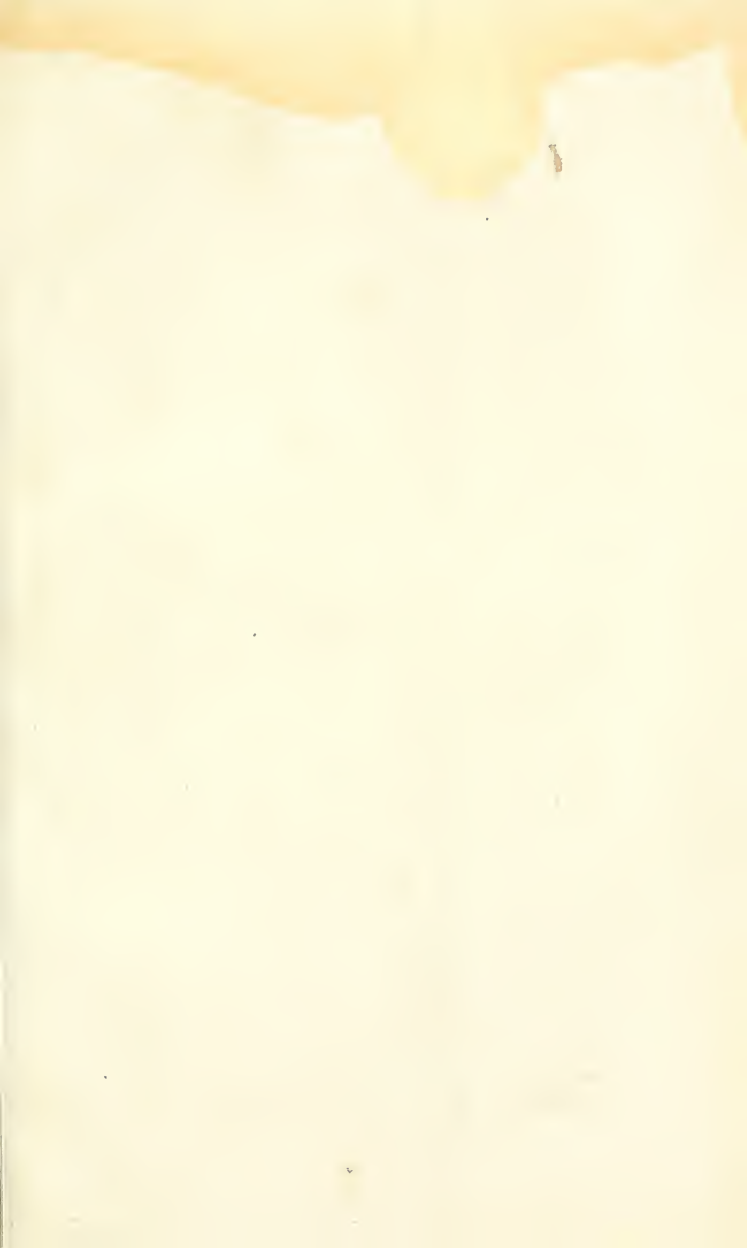




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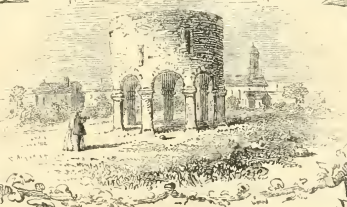
IN A SERIES OF
Pen & Pencil Sketches.

BY

THE EDITOR OF THE NEWPORT MERCURY.

ENGRAVINGS BY

HITNEY, JOCELYN & ANNIN, N.Y.



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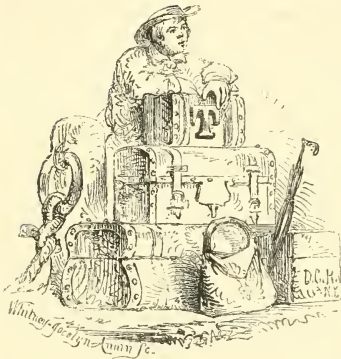
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CHAPTER I.

NEWPORT A FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACE.



HERE is nothing surprising in the fact that Newport has become a 'Fashionable Watering place;' the wonder is, that so many years were required to make its many attractions known to those who habitually leave the crowded cities, on

the approach of summer's heat, in search of some favored spot where they may enjoy a cool and invigorating air, bathe on a beach washed by the ocean waves, ramble over verdant hills and vales and pleasant fields, or pause to rest on some bold cliff that commands a view far seaward.

The inhabitants of Newport do not fully appreciate the charms of the island. They have always enjoyed the blessings by which they are surrounded; they have ever breathed a healthy atmosphere, and are never oppressed by excessive heat, or forced to look upon pastures burnt to a crisp by an August sun; they do not realize the full meaning of exhaustion and

lassitude in the dog days ; and can scarcely estimate the daily reports at that trying season, from less favored spots, of suffering and mortality. But when they chance to roam, their eyes are opened to the blessings at home, and, if forced to remain long absent, the dream of their life is to return and here rest in their declining days. There is no trait in the character of Rhode Islanders more marked than that of attachment to their native soil. On their return, after a long sojourn, they visit every spot made familiar in early life, and consider every moment so spent as a fitting reward for years of toil in a strange land.

The natural attractions of Newport are great, but it does not depend on these alone to engage the attention of strangers who would while away a few summer days by the sea shore. On every hand are beautiful country seats of every known and unknown order of architecture ; numerous hotels, and all well conducted ; libraries of well stored and well selected books, easy of access ; society composed of the leading men of the country, in all the walks of life ; stately matrons, and dashing belles—all combine their attractions, and serve to make Newport the most desirable and popular of summer resorts.

In localities where nature has done but little, fashion may have the sway for a time. Crowds may flock to a point that boasts of no charm but its ocean view, or to the hot and arid sands bordering some inland water ; but the excitement cannot long be sustained. At Newport it is altogether the reverse. Here, those who come to pass a few weeks are soon charmed with the climate and scenery of the island ; a desire to

build becomes irresistible, and the result is, a lot with a commanding view is purchased, a neat cottage erected, and the happy household only leave for their winter quarters when the north winds and the falling leaves proclaim the warm season at an end.

Thousands now assemble at Newport every year; and during their stay, one great source of pleasure is to visit the most inviting scenes, and the spots rendered interesting by their historical associations. To aid those who would dispense with the services of a guide, and wander alone by the sea shore and over the pleasant hill sides, this little work is designed. In preparing it, the writer's object has been simply to impart such information as would be likely to prove acceptable; and to make it the more attractive, he has added a few historical reminiscences, presenting an occasional picture of life in colonial times, as contrasted well with the gay scenes witnessed here at the present day, when the season is at its height.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY HISTORY OF NEWPORT.

IN 1638, Governor Coddington, having associated himself with seventeen others, purchased Aquidneck—"Isle of Peace"—of the Indian sachems, in his own name as agent. The company immediately took possession of the island, and settled on its northern extremity, where they proposed establishing a colony. A town was regularly laid out, and called Pocasset—now known as Portsmouth. The colony prospered, and during the following summer search was made for a more favorable location, which resulted in the selection of the south-western extremity of the island, now known as Newport. The following spring a part of the colony moved to the new site, laid out the principal streets, and commenced the erection of houses. At a subsequent date, the island, by order of the General Court, was called the "Isle of Rhodes," or Rhode Island, on account of its great resemblance to the beautiful Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Rhode Island is situated in Narragansett Bay, in lat. 41 deg. 29 min., long. 71 deg. 20 min. It is fifteen miles in length, and in the vicinity of Newport about four in width, gradually diminishing toward the north until it terminates in a point. The shore line is eighty miles.

Newport is beautifully situated on a hill sloping gently to the harbor on the west. It is laid out with some degree of regularity; the principal streets running north and south, and crossed at right angles. The ancient part of the city is compact; that of recent date is open and tastefully arranged. The inner harbor is formed by the Town on the east, the Neck on the south, terminating in Brenton's Point; Goat Island on the west, with an opening to the north and also to the south-west. The outer harbor comprises that portion of Narragansett Bay lying between Rhode Island on the east and the island of Conanicut on the west, opening to the ocean on the south, and to the north running into Providence River. The entrance to the harbor is two miles in width, twenty-nine fathoms in depth, and in only one instance has it been closed by ice since the first settlement. The approach to the harbor is so free from obstructions of every kind, that a stranger may enter in safety without the aid of a pilot. Vessels can enter and depart with any wind; and the united fleets of the world could here find safe and commodious anchorage.

Rhode Island is connected with the main on the east by a substantial stone bridge, which is owned by a company who realize a small dividend from the tolls. There is also a telegraph communicating between Newport, New York, Boston and Providence, via Fall River. The distance from Newport to Providence is thirty miles; to Fall River eighteen, and from there to Boston, by railway, fifty-three; to Point Judith fifteen; to Block Island thirty; and to New York one hundred and sixty-five miles.

The public buildings of Newport are the State House, a well arranged and commodious building, situated at the head of the Parade; the City Hall, at the corner of Thames Street and the Long Wharf; the Redwood Library, one of the most classical buildings in the country; the Jewish Synagogue, three Baptist, one Congregational, one Unitarian, three Episcopal Churches, one Episcopal Mission, and two Friends' Meeting-houses. There are eight Hotels, four of which are only opened during the summer for the accommodation of the crowds who resort here during the season. There are also seven Banks, with an aggregate capital of \$680,000, on which an annual dividend of six per cent. is usually paid. To these must be added a Bank for Savings. Its deposits, which are rapidly increasing, amount at the present time to \$400,000.

On the breaking out of the Revolution, great numbers of the inhabitants left the Island; and during the summer and fall of 1776, Newport remained in a distressed condition, without commerce, without defense, except a few guns at Brenton's Point, and with a prostration of business of all kinds. The British fleet arrived, and the troops took possession of the town, and remained three years. During their stay Newport was under martial law. Before leaving, they destroyed four hundred and eighty buildings of various classes, burned the lighthouse at Beaver Tail, cut down all the ornamental and fruit trees, broke up nearly all the wharves, and the places of public worship, with two exceptions, were used as riding schools and stables. The State House they turned into a

hospital. The church bells, with one exception—a present from Queen Anne—the machinery from the distilleries, and the Town Records, were carried off to New York; and when at length they evacuated the place, the wells were filled up, and as much property as possible destroyed, by order of the British commander.

The British army quartered on the town numbered 8,000 English and Hessians. They encamped in summer, but in winter forced themselves into the houses of the inhabitants.

From 1778 to the time that the island was evacuated, contributions were constantly made by States, towns, parishes, religious societies, companies and individuals, for the benefit of the sufferers at Newport. The State granted one hundred and sixty cords of wood, then worth twenty silver dollars a cord, and £1,000 to the poor. Old houses were torn down and one ship broken up, for fuel. So great was the demand for food, that corn brought four silver dollars a bushel, and half that sum was demanded for the same quantity of potatoes.

During the stay of the British there were always vessels of war in attendance, numbering, at times, as many as seventy men-of-war and transports; and when the French fleet, under Count D'Estaing, appeared off the coast, the British destroyed many ships to prevent their falling into the hands of the French. The Lark, Orpheus, Juno, Ceberius, Kingfisher, Grand Turk and others were burned, two galleys were blown up, the Flora sunk, and fifteen large transports scattered and sunk in the outer harbor; while the Falcon

sloop-of-war and thirty armed vessels were sunk in the inner harbor.

The British evacuated in 1779. At that time the population of the Town was reduced from 12,000 to 4,000. After the troops left, the Town was used for cartels between New York and the New England States. Many of the inhabitants returned, but it was generally the poorer class, which only increased the distress. Efforts were shortly made to restore the commerce, and a few privateers were sent out, which brought in many prizes; but owing to the exposed situation of the place, and the long period it had been in the possession of the British, other towns, with fewer natural advantages, took the lead in commercial enterprise.

We have no statistics to which we can refer for facts connected with the commerce of Newport; the Town having been literally sacked by the British, and all the valuable documents destroyed or carried off. But there is yet data extant that must be taken as evidence of her early commercial relations, and the high position of her merchants, until they were ruined or scattered by the war. Probably on no spot in the colonies was there concentrated more individual opulence, learning and science, than in Newport. In architectural taste and costly structures, she was unsurpassed; and was styled the emporium of fashion, refinement and taste. Her seamen were bold and hardy, and first carried the whaling business as far as the Falkland Islands. Her manufactures were highly esteemed throughout the country and the West Indies, and the remains of her extensive distilleries are still

visible in various parts of the Town. Of these distilleries there were upwards of thirty, erected at great expense. To supply them with molasses, a fleet of vessels was constantly employed between Newport and the West Indies; and at this time the seamen of the port numbered twenty-two hundred.

The following facts in regard to the trade of Newport in her palmy days, 1764, are set forth in a protest against the Sugar Act.

“Of the foreign vessels, one hundred and fifty are annually employed in the West India trade, which import into this colony about fourteen thousand hogsheads of molasses, whereof a quantity, not less than twenty-five hundred hogsheads, is from English islands. It is this quantity of molasses which serves as an engine in the hands of the merchant to effect the great purpose of paying for British manufactures; for a part of it is exported to the Massachusetts Bay, to New York and Pennsylvania, to pay for British goods, for provisions, and many articles which compose our West India cargoes; and part to other colonies, southward of these last mentioned, for such commodities as serve for a remittance immediately to Europe, such as rice, naval stores, &c., or such as are necessary to enable us to carry on our commerce. The remainder, (besides what is consumed by the inhabitants,) is distilled into rum, and exported to Africa.”

Dr. Waterhouse, in an article published in 1824, entitled “Medical Literature of Rhode Island,” says of Newport, “It was the chosen resort of the rich and philosophic, from nearly all quarters of the world.” He then adds:

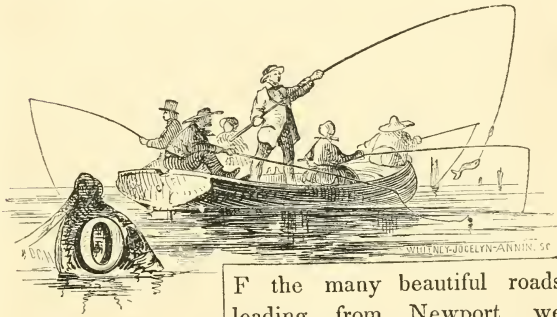
“There were more complete chemical laboratories in Rhode Island, than were to be found anywhere in Massachusetts prior to fifteen years ago. If it be asked, what were they doing in Philadelphia at this time? we answer, nothing, if we except Franklin’s exhibition of electricity. There was then no considerable library, public or private except one owned by William Logan, Esq., another wealthy and generous patron of literature among the Quakers—the *Abraham Redwood* of Penn-

sylvania. Is it asked, what were they doing in the medical and philosophical line in Boston at this time? *Pelting Dr. Boylston with stones as he passed the streets in the day, and breaking his windows at night, for introducing inoculation for small pox.* What were they doing at Cambridge between 1721 and 1754!—ask your grandfathers—and what were they doing in Rhode Island? Reading the best collection of books to be found in New England, (Cambridge only excepted,) which gave to Newport a literary cast of character which it sustained until the Revolution; that is, till their distinguished men were scattered.”

Up to the war of 1812, Newport dragged slowly along; her commerce gradually improved, and her merchants, in a measure, regained lost ground. Of later years, the Island has become the resort of thousands during the summer, and it once more presents a gay and animated appearance. Hundreds of beautiful buildings have been erected during the past five years; the taxable property has increased over a million of dollars; and it is now esteemed a favor to obtain a fine site for a house at so much a foot, where a few seasons ago the same money would have purchased acres of the most desirable land. Some of the changes that have been effected in the appearance of Newport, we shall point out in the following pages.

CHAPTER III.

NEWPORT HARBOR.—FORT ADAMS.—CASTLE HILL.—BRENTON'S REEF.—GRAVES POINT.—LILY POND.—SPOUTING ROCK.



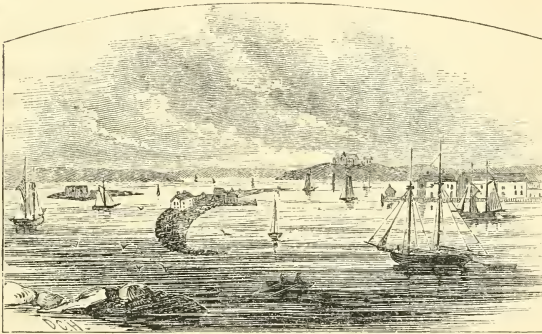
F the many beautiful roads leading from Newport, we scarce know which to take for a ride ; but at a venture, will turn southward and drive into Brenton's Neck.

Leaving the main road beyond the Coddington mill and just opposite the Gas Works, we enter on a road leading nearly west, cross a small stream that winds far up among the grassy slopes, and pass along a quiet beach ; the land gently rising on the left ; and on the right, the bay, harbor and city are spread out to view. On the hill above are the traces of an old redoubt, built during the last war with England, and called Fort Denham. In its day it was a small breastwork, calculated for a few guns to rake the inner harbor, and to keep up the communication between the town and

Fort Adams, then a small work on the site of the present fort of the same name.

A short distance beyond, the road gradually rises to the brow of the hill, where a fine view may be obtained; and it is well here to pause and gaze upon the scene. The few scattered sails, mirrored in the placid waters, will recall to mind the day when the commerce of Newport was second only to that of Boston; and the forts on either hand incline one to picture the scenes here enacted in the struggle for Independence. Years before the "Boston Tea Party," Newport resisted England's power. Where rises now the small white building on yonder crescent-shaped island,—once the burial place of pirates,—the ill-fated sloop "Liberty" was given to the flames by an insulted people. On these waters Percy and Clinton once reigned supreme. Here assembled the fleet of Lord Howe, and here D'Estaing went forth to engage his foe in mortal combat. Here the reckless and cruel Wallace terrified the unarmed inhabitants—threatening by day, burning and sacking by night. From this port Burgoyne sailed for England after his memorable defeat, and it was across this Bay that Prescott was rowed by the daring Barton. Here the French brought joy to the hearts of the distressed; here they gayly sang and danced, and here their funeral dirge followed De Ternay to his early grave. Here the privateers that swarmed from this and other ports, found shelter and a market for their prizes. Here Cook's famed ship Endeavor, dismantled, condemned and left to decay upon the shore. Here Perry, in his gunboats, burned for a nobler field;

here the Lexington landed his remains in after years ; and here the Macedonian, prize of the United States, was first brought to anchor beneath the stars and stripes. Or if we turn to Colonial times, we see the little sloop boldly sent out to cope with a lawless rover ; the three small vessels furnished to aid in the capture of Port Royal and the ten or fifteen privateers that joined in the attack on Louisburg. These and many other scenes, alike interesting, have been enacted in



NEWPORT HARBOR.

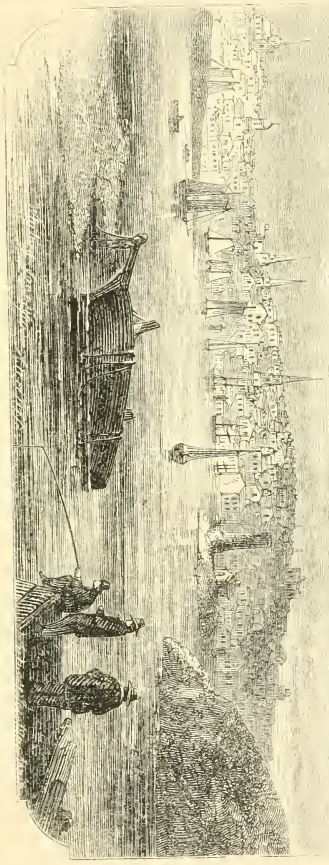
Those who would view it from the finest point, should spend an hour on these gentle slopes. To the north the waters of the Bay are seen reaching far inland, broken by numerous small islands and the sails of vessels passing to and fro. On Goat Island, directly in front of the spectator, stand the remains of Fort Wolcott, originally called Fort Ann, subsequently named Fort George, and at a later period known by its present name. On the island in mid-channel—Rose Island—portions of a considerable fort are still visi-

ble ; but from long neglect, the breastwork and barracks have fallen into complete ruin. Coasters' Harbor Island is seen to the north, just beyond the city, and the large building rising from its centre is the Asylum of the Poor. There Clarke and his small band of followers landed in 1639, in search of a spot whereon to found a settlement. The beauties of the scene, and the advantages of the land-locked harbor, they could appreciate ; and to clear the swamp where portions of Newport now stand, the aid of their Indian allies was obtained. The large work to the left is Fort Adams. It was commenced in 1814, and up to the close of 1850 had cost the government \$1,692,000. With the redoubt at the south, it is calculated to mount four hundred and sixty-eight guns, and will garrison three thousand men.

The road will take us directly to the Fort. As we approach, we pass over a fine causeway to the east, and here gain another view of the city. But pause a moment, leave the road, and descend to the shore of Brenton's Cove, just beyond the government stables, where the best view may be obtained. The tall and delicate spires of the Churches cut sharp against the blue sky ; the public buildings stand out in noble relief ; and the line of houses, as they rise one above another on the hill-side, are broken by open grounds and clusters of shade trees. Each spot on which the eye may chance to rest, recalls some event that transpired there in earlier times.

Entering the main work from the east, we at once open on the parade ground—covering not less than eleven acres—where, on Tuesday and Friday, in the

NEWPORT FROM BRENTON'S COVE.



summer, at 6 P. M., when there are troops stationed here, the band plays for an hour. At such times the vehicles of visitors drive round and round the square, an endless chain, in the centre of which the band stand, filling the air with delightful music.

Leaving the Fort for a wider scope, we again take the road leading west. A short distance from the first gate, stands a dark house with brick ends. It is all that remains of one of the most noted dwellings in the early history of the Island. It was built by Gov. William Brenton, who then owned nearly the whole Neck; and the grounds through which the road now winds, were adorned with rare and costly plants, gravel walks, groves and bowers, and all that wealth and a refined taste could obtain in this and foreign lands.

The road passes through several fine farms, to the last—the Castle Hill Farm—on the western shore of the Neck. Passing through the farmyard, the road leads directly to the beach, where fine breakers may at all times be seen.

The rising ground to the right is surmounted by a rampart that once was garrisoned, but now it can scarcely be distinguished from the inequalities of the surrounding earth. It still retains the name of Castle Hill.

The water at the base of these rocks is twenty-nine fathoms in depth, and during the spring and fall this is the resort of the tautog fishers.

A short distance to the south, and extending a mile into the sea, Brenton's Reef shows its dangerous rocks, its entire length traced by the breakers that continually tumble over the higher points. The boat-

men find fish abundant along these rocks, but it requires skill and experience to approach a shore so treacherous. The grass has not yet grown over the graves of four unfortunate seamen who here perished with their vessel.

Beyond the reef, and some three miles from land, rides the lightboat Ledyard; and in the extreme distance,

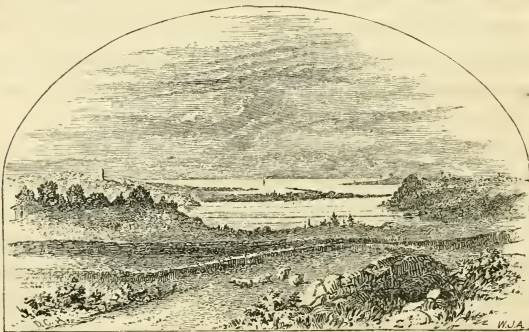
“Veiled in thin mist of softest blue,”

one easily discerns the outlines of Point Judith and Block Island.

The next point of interest along this shore is Grave’s Point, so named from the graves of two unknown men who were there washed ashore, and were buried where

“No tears but the spray wet the mariner’s grave,
And the sea breathes for ever his dirge.”

In returning we take the old road, which turns off at a point east of Fort Adams, on the top of the hill, and comes out near the



LILY POND,

A favorite spot and the largest sheet of spring water on the Island. From the hill, over which the road winds, the view is ever pleasing. The pond is placed between picturesque hills—those on the left abound with trees—gently falling to the shingle on the south, known as the Rocky Farm beach.

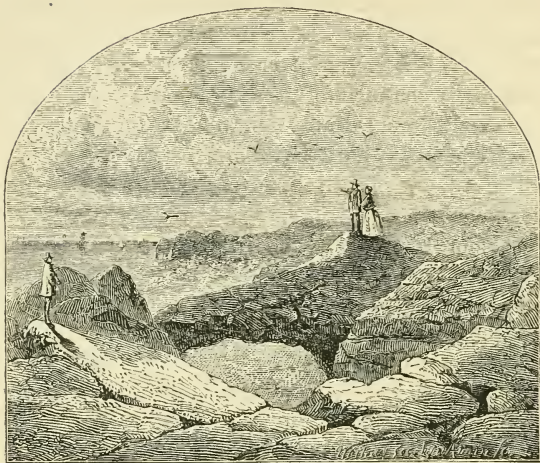
The waters of Lily Pond are famous for perch, great numbers of which are taken by the angler an hour before and after dusk ; fishing from banks that are fragrant with wild flowers, and casting his hook beneath the matted leaves of the pond lily that rise to the surface on every hand.

“Bright and queen-like the array
Of Lilies in their crystal bed :
Like chalices for Beauty’s lip
Their snowy cones half open lie,
The dew-drops of the morn to sip,
But close to day’s intrusive eye.”

Beyond the Lily Pond, looking seaward, there is a view of Gooseberry Island, with its picturesque groups of stunted sumacs, and its barriers of dark rocks, here and there whitened by the breaking waves ; and far off on the horizon are seen the sails of vessels passing east and west—a fairer scene on a quiet summer’s day one is seldom permitted to enjoy.

From the Lily Pond the road to the left leads to the Beach, and on the extreme end of the point, on the same hand, will be found the far famed Spouting Cave.

One may approach it at this season to hear the surf beating against the sides of the inmost caverns, but to see it spout volumes of water from the “horn”—as it is sometimes called—it must be visited after a



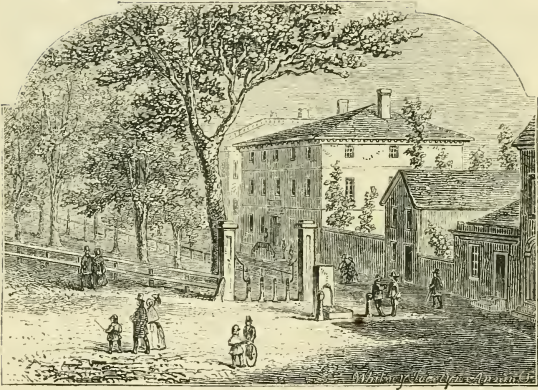
SPOUTING CAVE.

tempest from the SE., during the winter or spring months. At such times, when the whole ocean, as far as the eye can reach, is lashed into fury, and the breakers dash against the rocks with a force that makes the whole earth tremble, the spray mounts in clouds, and all who venture too near, are wet with mist. Then, when all nature is in commotion, the Spouting Cave catches the wild spirit and adds its thunder to awe the more hardy, should they approach its mouth. The waves madly sporting on the shore, rush with terrific fury through its open throat into the bowels of the rock; there meeting a wall of adamant, chafed, torn and shivered, they find vent above in a jet of foam that darts far upward in the air, and spreads its whitening mist on all around. Man gazes

on the ocean appalled. The sky is dark and lowering, the earth quivers beneath his feet, the waters give an angry roar and again rush headlong to the shore, as if to annihilate the very rocks that oppose their way.

Who can gaze upon the quiet ripple of to-day, and feel without awe, that nature can in a moment change her peaceful lullaby for the storm king's awful notes!

CHAPTER IV.



CITY HALL.—WASHINGTON SQUARE.—COM. PERRY'S HOUSE.—
ZION CHURCH.—CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.—DR. STILES.—
NEWPORT ARTILLERY.—VERNON MANSION HOUSE.—HON.
WM. VERNON.—LANDING OF WASHINGTON AND RECEPTION
BY ROCHAMBEAU.—ILLUMINATION OF THE TOWN.

AT the head of Long Wharf and facing the Parade, stands the City Hall, a brick building of good proportions and dating back to 1763. It was erected as a public market and granary, and by the older inhabitant, is still called the "Granary." For a number of years the upper story was used as a Theatre; subsequently it was renovated and converted into a public hall, now known as the City Hall,

The lower story has always been devoted to a market and the watch-house.

The large building opposite to the City Hall, making the south corner of the Parade and Thames Street, the upper portion of which is occupied by William's Daguerreian Gallery, was owned by Dr. Isaac Senter, and was occupied by him during his residence in Newport.

Dr. Senter was born at Londonderry, N. H., about 1753, and for the first seventeen years of his life he lived on his father's farm. Up to that time he had no knowledge of books; but meeting with a few stray volumes, he eagerly devoured their contents, sought means to obtain a further supply, and soon became a giant in study. He first studied medicine in Newport, with whom it is not certain; but the impression of one who knew him is, that it was with Dr. Gray, who practised here at that time. Dr. Senter soon became distinguished in his profession, in Europe as well as in the United States, and for many years he was a regular correspondent of the Royal Society of Medicine. His remains were interred in the North Burying Ground, near the west gate.

On the right hand, turning up the Parade, we enter Washington Square. On the left, and at the foot of the Mall, there is a granite fountain that discharges pure spring water at all seasons. On each side of it is a cannon planted as a post. These were taken from the British privateer *Tartar*, captured 1779. The triangular piece of ground containing about an acre, enclosed by a white paling and studded with fine shade trees, is the Mall, and the only place in the

city where young children can play and enjoy the air without danger from passing vehicles.

On the south side of Washington Square, a few doors from Thames Street, stands the house where Commodore Perry resided after the battle of Lake Erie. It is a large square building, erected before the Revolution by a Mr. Levy, a Jew, and contains a wide hall, fine large rooms, and is elaborately finished within. A view of it is given at the head of this chapter. The house is at present owned and occupied by Mrs. Perry, widow of the Commodore.

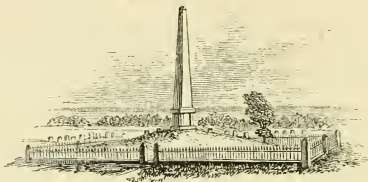
Oliver Hazard Perry, son of Chris. Raymond Perry, was born in Narragansett, Aug. 23d, 1785, and when thirteen years of age he entered the service as midshipman, on board the sloop-of-war General Greene, commanded at that time by his father, but his warrant was not dated until the following year. On the breaking out of the Tripolitan war, he was ordered to join the Adams, commanded by Capt. Campbell, with whom he continued until Commodore Preble was superseded by Commodore Morris, when he returned in the frigate New York to the United States. It was during this cruise that he was promoted to an acting lieutenancy. In 1804 he joined the squadron at Malta, where he remained until the conclusion of the peace with Tripoli, when Com. Rogers shifted his flag from the Constitution to the Essex, and took Perry with him to the United States in the capacity of second lieutenant. During the Embargo he was employed in building seventeen gunboats at Newport, Rhode Islind, and in 1810 he superseded Capt. Jones in the command of the United States schooner

Revenge, attached to the squadron of Com. Rogers, lying at New London. The schooner was lost on Watch Hill Reef; a court of inquiry investigated all the facts of the case, by whom the conduct of the commanding officer was highly applauded. In 1811 Capt. Perry married Miss Mason, daughter of the late Dr. Mascn, of Newport. On the breaking out of the late war with Great Britain, he was ordered to take command of the United States flotilla lying at Newport; and in February, 1813, he was appointed, with rank of master commander, to the command of the United States naval force on Lake Erie.

For a truthful and eloquent account of the Battle of Lake Erie, the reader is referred to an oration delivered at the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Tenth of September, by Hon. Geo. H. Calvert.

In 1819 Com. Perry was dispatched with the sloop-of-war John Adams and schooner Nonsuch, on a mission to Augustura, the seat of the Insurgent Government on the Main. While on his way in the Nonsuch from the mouth of the Orinoco, to join the John Adams at Trinidad, he was taken with the yellow fever, and expired before he reached the latter vessel. He was buried at Trinidad with funeral honors, and in 1826 the remains were brought to Newport in the sloop-of-war Lexington, and landed at Overing's wharf, Nov. 27th. The following Monday, Dec. 4th, they were interred with honors due to his rank and services. Since then the State has erected a handsome monument to the memory of the departed hero. It stands on the west side of the Island Cemetery,

and is composed of a shaft of granite on a square pedestal that rises from a grassy mound. On the four sides of the pedestal there are appropriate inscriptions, and at the base rest the remains of Commodore Perry and three of his children.



THE PERRY MONUMENT.

Passing up Washington Square, we arrive at Zion Church, a modern pile with a Grecian portico. It is an Episcopal Church, and in the most flourishing condition. But recently it has been much improved, by extending the rear of the building so as to admit of a wider space around the chancel, and a convenient vestry room has also been added. The rector is Rev. Benj. Watson.

We enter Clarke Street for a moment to examine the Central Baptist Church. The building was erected by the Second Congregational Society in 1733 or 1735, and at the time the British took possession of the Island, it was under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. Stiles, afterward President of Yale College.

Dr. Stiles was regularly installed pastor of the Church Oct., 1755, and he immediately entered upon the duties of his office with that ardor and industry

which characterized all his undertakings. Soon after his settlement he was appointed librarian of the Redwood Library, and his interest in that institution was unabated during his lifetime. Within its quiet walls he spent much of his time, and through his instrumentality the collection was greatly enlarged. It was his proposition that a collection of Theological books be made, and, aided by Rev. Dr. West, of Dartmouth, he commenced the laborious undertaking. Many of the books purchased at his suggestion bear his marginal notes.

The life of Dr. Stiles, during his residence on this Island, was marked by the most exalted love of religion, unwearied assiduity, and a uniform regularity in all the walks of life. His memory was retentive, and at all times exhibited an extraordinary degree of activity. He was ever engaged in study, and early in life attained a high reputation for his learning, eloquence and piety. He was a constant reader of works of a philosophical character, delighted in scientific experiments, and for the better cultivation of this taste, he carried on an extensive correspondence with learned men in this and foreign countries. With Dr. Franklin he was intimate, and through the influence of the latter the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh. As a teacher of youth, Dr. Stiles was eminently successful. He instilled into their minds a love of books, and by his parental care won the confidence and esteem of all who were intrusted to him.

Dr. Stiles died at New Haven, May 12th, 1795, after an illness of only a few days.

From the Newport Mercury, of 1767, we extract the following, as giving a lively picture of the manner in which a clergyman's salary was paid when money was scarce and only to be obtained by the few.

"Last Wednesday thirty-seven young ladies of this town made the Rev. Dr. Stiles's lady a visit. They sent their wheels, and carried flax enough for a moderate day's spinning, having agreed to have no trial who should spin most, but to spin good fine yarn, and as much as they could without fatiguing themselves; and accordingly they spent the day in a very agreeable, industrious manner; and at sunset made Mrs. Stiles a present of about one hundred 15-knotted skeins of yarn fine enough for shirts for the best gentleman in America.

The Church edifice suffered severely at the hands of the British. All the pews were broken up and destroyed, and a chimney was run up through the centre of the building. After the evacuation it was restored, and was used for public worship. The last who presided over the society was the Rev. Dr. Patten, who was settled over the Church about forty-six years. After his death the society joined the Congregational Church in Spring Street, and the Clarke Street Church gradually fell into disuse, until finally it was closed altogether. A few years since it was purchased by the Baptists, and a new society—the Central Baptist—was formed. The building has undergone many alterations, and all for the better. It has been lengthened and elevated, the whole interior arrangement changed, and the exterior has also been much improved.

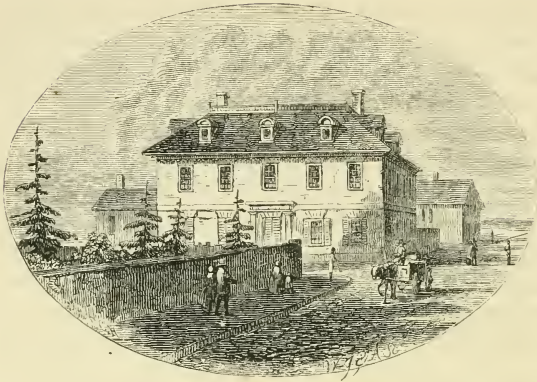
The society is under the charge of Rev. Henry Jackson.

The next building south of the Central Baptist Church, is the Armory of the Newport Artillery—a distinguished corps that dates from 1741. This ancient company has always been sustained by the citizens of Newport, and its ranks have been filled by father and son for generations. The Newport Artillery is the body guard of the Governor of the State.

At the corner of Mary and Clarke Streets stands a venerable building, still in the most perfect order, and promising to resist the stormy winters of another century. Like many others of the class in the city, it is framed of oak, based on a heavy foundation, and elaborately finished within and without. The style, of which it is a fair specimen, was very generally adopted at the period when Newport ranked second only to Boston in commercial prosperity. In those days attention was paid to the materials employed as well as to the general appearance of an edifice, and the merchants, who desired to build, had the means to secure dwellings substantial in construction, elaborate in all the nicer portions, and correct in design. Houses of this description, at the present time, in an excellent state of preservation, give shelter to the children of the fifth and sixth generations.

The house before us is known as the Vernon Family Mansion, and was owned and occupied by the late Hon. William Vernon, whose public services require something more than a passing notice.

In the annals of Rhode Island there are names of greater note than that of William Vernon; but of all who entered heart and soul into the cause of Freedom, and were most prominent in that fearful struggle for



VERNON FAMILY MANSION.

Independence, not one is more deserving of the highest honors. Had Mr. Vernon taken up arms in the common defense, his name would have found a distinguished place on the page of history; but his store of knowledge was of infinitely more value to the country than personal prowess. His labors were of the Council; and as President of the Eastern Navy Board, at Boston, his energies were directed to the formation of a Navy that should battle with the enemy on the ocean—a gigantic undertaking for that day, and one that, by the brilliancy of its success, entitles the members of the Board to lasting gratitude.

When the blow fell upon the Colonies, and every “Son of Freedom” was called upon to take an active part in repelling the common foe, Mr. Vernon relinquished all private claims, and at once brought his extensive knowledge of mercantile and marine affairs

to the aid of the government; and to his unflinching devotion to Liberty, personal sacrifices and extraordinary exertions, America, under Providence, owes much of her success upon the sea. And but for his systematic arrangement of all business transactions, whether of a public or private nature, the world could not have known the extent of his usefulness, or the debt of gratitude due to his memory. His services for years were given to the country without charge, notwithstanding his large estate, acquired through numerous enterprises previous to the war, was greatly reduced by the events of those trying times. Of these losses, he says in one of his letters under date of Oct. 10, 1778:

“If we establish our rights and liberty upon a firm and lasting basis, on the winding up of this bloody contest, I am content; although I own if I could come at the property our enemies are possessed of, belonging to me, it would increase the pleasure. I do assure you it is no less a sum than twelve thousand pounds stg., at least, besides my real estate at Newport: yet I can with truth say it never broke my rest a moment.”

At the close of the war, Mr. Vernon again entered on a commercial life, and he continued his devotion to it almost to the day of his death, which event occurred at the Mansion House Dec. 22d, 1806, having nearly closed his 87th year.

During his lifetime, Hon. Wm. Vernon was associated with the most eminent men in the country, and was in familiar correspondence with La Fayette, Adams, Viscount Noaille, Franklin, and other men of note in his day. He was a great friend of learning, and was appointed President of the Redwood Library on the death of its founder and first President; and

the Second Congregational Church owed much to his liberality.

During the time the British were in possession of the Island, the Vernon house, in common with others, was occupied by troops, and it was only on the evacuation that it was restored to the rightful owner. When the French fleet arrived, it was made the headquarters of Count Rochambeau, who here entertained Washington at the time of his first visit to Newport.

Gen. Washington, on that occasion, was received at the ferry in Jamestown, by the Admiral's barge, and conducted on board his ship. Of his landing in Newport there are several accounts—all more or less incorrect. The following was given to us by an eyewitness, who still lives to relate the details of an event which was hailed with joy by the inhabitants of the town.

Washington landed at Barney's Ferry—the corner of the Long Wharf and Washington Street. The French troops formed a close line, three deep on either side, from the ferry house up the Long Wharf and Washington Square to Clarke Street, where it turned at a right angle and continued to Rochambeau's headquarters. The following night the town was illuminated. At that time the inhabitants were poverty stricken, and comparatively few were able to take part in the joyful ceremony; but that all should share in the honors paid so distinguished a visitor, the Town Council ordered that candles should be purchased, and given to all who were too much distressed, through continued losses, to purchase for themselves; so that every house should show a light.

The procession was led off by thirty boys, bearing candles fixed on staffs, followed by Gen. Washington, Count Rochambeau and the other officers, their aids and the procession of citizens. The night was clear, and there was not a breath to fan the torches. The brilliant procession marched through the principal streets, and then returned to the head-quarters. On reaching the door, Washington waited on the step until all the officers and their friends had entered the house; then, turning to the boys who had acted as torch-bearers, he thanked them for their attention. This was glory enough for the young patriots.

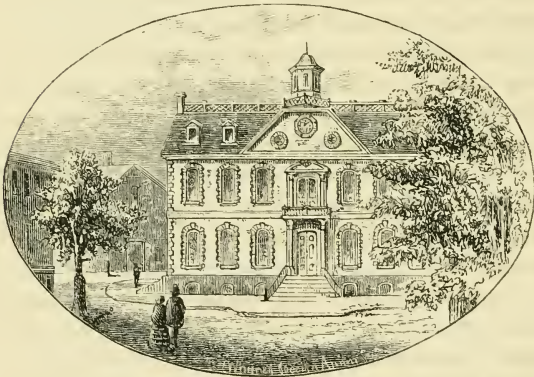
An anecdote is related of Washington at this time. A little boy had heard so much of Washington, that he conceived a strong desire to see him. His father, to gratify his wish, lifted him in his arms and approached an open window, near which Washington stood, whom he pointed out. The child was amazed, and exclaimed aloud: "Why, father, Gen. Washington is a man!" It reached the ear of the hero, who turned round and said, as he patted the boy on the head: "Yes, my lad, and nothing but a man."

This anecdote has been repeatedly told, but it has not been properly located until now.

CHAPTER V.

THE STATE HOUSE AND PARADE.—STUART'S PICTURE OF WASHINGTON.—JUDGE LIGHTFOOT.

RETURNING to Washington Square, and crossing the Mall, we approach the



STATE HOUSE,

a building of fine proportions, and one worthy of note for the taste and judgment displayed in its adornment. The edifice faces the Parade, and stands on a high foundation of freestone. It is built of brick, with window caps and other projections of freestone. Over the front there is a fine clock,* recently put up in

* This clock will be nightly illuminated as soon as a proper dial can be fitted to it.

place of one that had served to mark the hours for seventy years. The roof is surmounted by a cupola, in which there is a bell. The building stands in an open square, and we may enter from the north, south or west, by a lofty flight of steps. The west is the principal entrance. From these steps the late Major John Handy read the Declaration of Independence on the 20th of July, 1776, and at the expiration of fifty years he read it again from the same place, on which occasion the steps and the balcony above were decorated with wreaths of flowers.

The State House was used as a hospital in succession by the British and French troops. After the glass was destroyed, the windows were battened up, leaving only a small opening, with a slide, for air; and in the lower room, against the south door, the French erected an altar, where the services of the Roman Catholic Church were performed for the sick and dying.

The last time that Washington visited Newport, a dinner was given in honor of the occasion. The table was spread the entire length of the lower floor of the State House. The citizens generally contributed to the entertainment, freely loaning their plate, and nearly every family could contribute a portion. The salvers, dishes, covers, goblets, pitchers, and knives and forks, were all of silver, and these, together with a profusion of cut glass, gave the table an elegant appearance.

The lower floor is one large hall, and here, when under the town form of government, all voting on public questions took place. It is still used on occa-

sion of large gatherings. The second story is reached by a wide flight of stairs. The north room is used as the Representative Hall; it is commodious and well arranged. It is here also that the United States Courts hold their sessions. The south room, the Senate Chamber, is small, and the walls are too dark to appear well.

In the Senate Chamber there is a fine full length portrait of Washington, by Stuart, which was presented to the town by that great painter. The portrait is one of Stuart's finest works, and is highly valued by the inhabitants. To preserve it from injury, it is protected by a glass case.

In front of the State House is the Parade, a large and beautiful square, neatly paved, and bordered on the north by a row of fine old fashioned houses, and on the south by the trees in the Mall. The street leading from it to the north is Broad Street, and connects with the main road. Portions of Broad Street are shaded by a fine growth of elms, which, in some places, nearly meet overhead.

The house opposite the State House, and almost fronting it, now occupied by Mr. Samuel Sterne's grocery, was once the residence of Judge Lightfoot, one of the most distinguished members of the R. I. Bar in early colonial times.

Robert Lightfoot came to Newport in 1716, from England, for his health, and was so charmed with the Island that he designed to spend the remainder of his days here. He was a graduate of Oxford, and was appointed Judge of Vice-Admiralty in the Southern District of the United States, under George II.,

an office which he resigned. It is said of him that he was an accomplished classical scholar, and his intellectual acquirements were very extensive.

Judge Lightfoot was a great epicure; and it is related of him by his biographer, that after dinner a few glasses of wine were necessary, and then followed the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." Disquisitions on various subjects, historic incidents and lively anecdotes; and after the company were withdrawn from the table, Hudibras was occasionally introduced, and Lightfoot read in his inimitable style, and discoursed upon the times and character delineated in the poem.

Judge Lightfoot removed to Plainfield, Conn., where he died. His daughter survived him many years, and died in Newport.

CHAPTER VI.

CHURCH STREET.—RESIDENCE OF REV. JAMES HONYMAN.—JAMES HONYMAN, ESQ.—MRS. COWLEY'S ASSEMBLY ROOM.—BALL GIVEN BY THE FRENCH OFFICERS.—BALL GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS TO WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU.—BALL GIVEN TO PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.—TRINITY CHURCH.—FUNERAL OF CHEVALIER DE TERNAY.—RECTORS OF TRINITY CHURCH.—DESTRUCTION OF THE ALTAR PIECE AFTER THE EVACUATION.—BISHOP BERKELEY.

WE pass up Church Street, but not without pausing to note the objects on the way.

The house making the south corner of Church and Thames Streets, now occupied by B. H. Tisdale & Son, was owned and occupied by Rev. James Honyman, who was rector of Trinity Church so early as 1704. He was appointed missionary, and sent over to this station by the "Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and brought with him, as a present to the church, a valuable library of the best theological books of that day. Many of these books are still in the possession of the church. Mr. Honyman served the society for nearly fifty years, and was instrumental of much good.

The house at that day presented an appearance similar to many then in use. The windows were glazed with diamond panes in frames of lead, and unique window casings, and the whole exterior,

shaded by heavy projections, was painted a bright red color.

James Honyman, Esq., son of the rector, resided with his father. He was elevated in the profession of the law at an early age, and held many important offices. In his 28th year he was elected Attorney General of the colony, which office he held for a number of years, and was subsequently King's Attorney for the County of Newport. Mr. Honyman was also one of the committee on the Eastern Boundary question, and was one of the counsel who argued the case in behalf of Rhode Island, before the Commissioner appointed by the Crown, at Providence, in 1741. After resigning his seat in the Senate, he was appointed Advocate General of the Court of Vice-Admiralty in the colony, but on the breaking out of the difficulties with the mother country, he delivered his commission to the Governor, at the request of the Legislature, to be lodged in the Secretary's office. As a speaker, Mr. Honyman is described as elaborate; in deportment, as dignified; and his practice was both extensive and profitable.

The third building on the right—bearing visibly the marks of age in all its parts, yet straining, as it were, to keep up an appearance of respectability, under a coat of whitewash—was in earlier times the assembly room of Newport, and was kept by Mrs. Cowley, who, a hundred years ago, was known to all the region round.

In the second story, now subdivided into numerous small apartments, one can trace the size and shape of the hall which was then enlivened by the distin-

guished at home and abroad. Here Prince De Broglio, Count de Segur, Count De Vauhan, and many other officers attached to the Count De Rochambeau's army, gave a ball to the ladies and gentlemen of Newport. One who was present makes the following record of the brilliant affair :

“The room was ornamented in an exceedingly splendid manner, and by the judicious arrangement of the various decorations, exhibited a sight beautiful beyond expression, and showed the great taste and delicacy of Monsieur De Zoteux, one of the aids of the Baron De Viomenil. A superb collation was served, and the ceremonies of the evening were conducted with so much propriety and elegance, that it gave the highest satisfaction to all who had the honor to be present.”

It was here that the citizens of Newport gave a ball in honor of Washington and Rochambeau, and on this occasion Washington opened the ball. The dance selected by his partner was “A Successful Campaign,” then in high favor; and the French officers took the instruments from the musicians, and played while he danced the first figure with one of the most beautiful and fascinating of Newport's many belles. These sketches, by her grandson, were prepared in the room in which her parents entertained Washington at tea on the day of the ball.

And here, when peace was declared, and Washington was our President, another entertainment was made for him by the inhabitants; at which time the hall was dressed with great taste, and the dancing was opened with Washington's March.

Passing up the street a short distance, we enter the yard of Trinity Church. Here every spot is planted with graves; the very walks and steps sepul-



TRINITY CHURCH.

cher the dead. Many who took an active part in colonial times, here find a common resting-place. The first grave as we enter, on the left, is that of Nathaniel Kay, Esq., Collector of the King's Customs, who in his will handsomely endowed the church. Here the remains of the Chevalier De Fayelle, aide-de-camp to La Fayette, found a resting-place; here Bishop Berkeley resigned an infant daughter to the earth; and there, by the church side, covered by a few boards to preserve it from further injury, stands a monument erected at the charge of royalty over the remains of the Chevalier De Ternay. One who still lives to converse upon the past, well remembers the pageant on the burial of that lamented soldier. He was in the chamber where De Ternay died, when the body was placed in the coffin, and followed the cortege—the most imposing ever witnessed in these streets—to the grave, where the priests, nine in number, chanted the funeral service, and the sailors who bore the corse slowly resigned it to the earth.

The monument is composed of a large, and once beautiful, slab of Egyptian marble. The inscription was in gold. It was designed for the interior of the church, but as no suitable place could be found for it within the walls, it was placed nearly over the grave, where it has gradually cracked and fallen away.

The venerable church now numbers one hundred and twenty-eight years, and occupies the site of the first Episcopal church erected on the Island. We have not room for its long list of rectors, and to speak of their good deeds would be to fill a volume; but we cannot refrain from making mention here of one or

two who were prominent in their day, and whose names will long be remembered in Rhode Island.

Mr. Honyman, the first rector, was instrumental in building the present edifice. He labored long and faithfully, with a salary of but £70 a year. In 1750 he was gathered to his fathers, and on the west side of the yard his tombstone still may be seen.

It was during the ministry of Mr. Honyman, that Dean Berkeley visited Newport. The Dean often officiated at Trinity Church. He was deeply interested in the society, and on his return to Dublin, in 1733, he presented the church with an organ, some account of which will be found on another page.

Rev. Marmaduke Brown, prior to the Revolution, also officiated at this church with much success. He was a native of Ireland, a man esteemed for his talents, learning and religion; and after his death, in 1771, his son, born in Rhode Island, and then Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, caused the monument to be erected on the north side of the chancel to the memory of his father and mother.

During the close of the last, and the opening of the present, century, Rev. Theodore Dehon, afterward Bishop of South Carolina, was at the head of the society. It was during his ministry that the affairs of the church were placed in a prosperous state; and of the harmony and Christian fellowship that prevailed we have an evidence in the fund of ten thousand dollars, then raised in the society and invested, the interest to be applied to the payment of the minister's salary.

In later times, Rev. Salmon Wheaton presided over

the society a period of thirty years, followed by Rev. Dr. Vinton, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Rev. D. R. Brewer, who is the minister at the present time.

The late Major Bull remarks :

“ A few days after the British left Newport, some young men of the town, and among them two American officers, entered the church and despoiled it of the altar-piece, consisting of the King's arms, the lion and the unicorn. They were highly ornamental, and were placed against the great east window. After trampling them under foot, they were carried to the North Battery, and set up for a target to fire at. The other emblems of royalty being out of reach, were suffered to remain. They consist of one royal crown on the spire, and another on the top of the organ. However little the present generation may care for baubles of that kind, still, the antiquity of these ornaments and the propriety of them in the day when they were put up, make them still interesting—as indicating, at the first view, to the stranger, the antiquity of the structure which contained them—and splendid for the days and country in which it was erected. This structure has never been subjected to the hand of modern vandalism. The interior of the church is now the same as when Dean Berkeley preached in it, with the exception of the longitudinal enlargement, and the pulpit is now the only one in America ever graced by the occupancy of that distinguished prelate. The church was at that time we are speaking of without a minister. As it had been nursed by the High Church party in England, it was unpopular with the mass of the people, who were writhing under the scourge inflicted by that very party. The church edifice, too, had been spared by those invaders who worshipped in it, while the other places in the town they had desecrated—by converting them into riding schools or hospitals—and every part of them but the shells they had demolished.”

Passing up Church Street, we come to the Masonic Lodge, a large building, situated at the corner of School Street, and facing the west. It was erected in 1804. The hall on the lower floor is used for exhibitions, balls and other amusements; and one of the side rooms is occupied by the Newport Historical Society, as a place of deposit for their collections.

Turning off at this point, and passing through School Street to the corner of Mary Street, we have Trinity

Church school-house on the one hand, and on the other the house in which the late William Ellery Channing, Esq., was born in 1751.

Wm. E. Channing was one of the earliest Attorney Generals of Rhode Island. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress, an opponent of the paper money party, and a devoted Federalist. Well read in the law, and interested in politics, he rose to distinguished eminence, and at the time of his death he held the offices of General and District Attorney.

The late Hon. Asher Robins says of Mr. Channing, in a communication to his biographer :

“His manner of speaking at the bar was rapid, vehement and impressive; never studied nor exactly methodical in his pleadings; but he always came well prepared as to matter and authority. He had an extensive practice, attended all the Courts of the State regularly, and was considered for several years before his death as the leading counsel of the State. He died, I think, at about forty, and after a short illness.”

And his domestic traits are thus recorded by his father-in-law, the late Hon. Wm. Ellery :

“The law of kindness and benevolence was in his heart and on his tongue. The persons employed by him as domestics, and in other services, he treated with great humanity, and rewarded with a liberal punctuality. He was an obedient and respectful son, and a most affectionate brother and friend. To the poor he was compassionate. The needy never turned away from his house empty. His table and his purse were always open to their wants, and his munificence was ever accompanied with a sweetness in the manner, which doubled the obligation of gratitude.”

Returning to Church Street, and a short distance beyond Masonic Hall, we reach a small Gothic church, dedicated to the Episcopal service, and under the charge of Rev. D. R. Brewer, of Trinity Church. It is only opened in summer, for the accommodation of the visitors during the “season,” and its seats are free.

CHAPTER VII.

EASTON'S BEACH.—BATHING.—PURGATORY.—SACHUEST POINT
—CAPTURE OF THE PIGOT BY MAJOR TALBOT.—TAUTOG FISH-
ING.—BASS FISHING.



HIS is the season to enjoy the walks along the cliffs and beaches. Long absent friends have returned to hear again the surf breaking on the shore, and strangers, too, by thousands are here sojourning, who are pre-

pared to participate in all that has the charm of novelty and to embrace every means calculated to relax the mind and strengthen the body. Let us, with these, stroll along the shore for an hour, and it may be that we shall derive both pleasure and profit from the walk.

We are on Easton's Beach, a spot that Berkeley and Allston and Malbone and Channing loved to visit. Here they each, in turn, came for study and meditation, undisturbed save by the music of the tumbling surf. Of its influence over his mind, Channing thus made record :

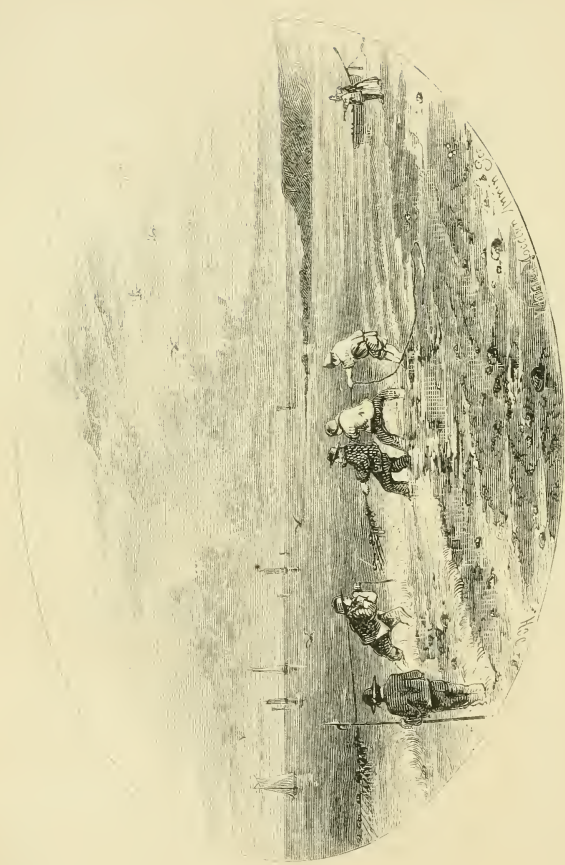
“In this town I pursued for a time my studies of theology. I had no professor or teacher to guide me ; but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library, then so deserted that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes without interruption from a single visitor. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work, which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature’s eloquence of the winds and waves. There, began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasure, all gifts of fortune, the happiness of communing with the works of God.”

Tuckerman, in a volume of poems, also pays a tribute to Newport beach :

“Thy breath, majestic Sea, was native air,
 And thy cool spray, like Nature’s baptism, fell
 Upon my brow, while thy hoarse summons called
 My childhood’s fancy into wonder’s realm.
 Thy boundless azure in youth’s landscape shone
 Like a vast talisman, that oft awoke
 Visions of distant climes, from weary round
 Of irksome life to set my spirit free ;
 And hence, whene’er I greet thy face anew,
 Familiar tenderness and awe return
 At the wild conjuration :—fondest hopes,
 And penitential tears and high resolves
 Are born of musing by the solemn deep.

“Then here, enfranchised by the voice of God,
 O, ponder not, with microscopic eye,
 What is adjacent, limited and fixed ;
 But, with high faith gaze forth, and let thy thought
 With the illimitable scene expand,
 Until the bond of circumstance is rent,
 And personal griefs are lost in visions wide
 Of an eternal future! Far away





FISHERMEN DRAWING NET.

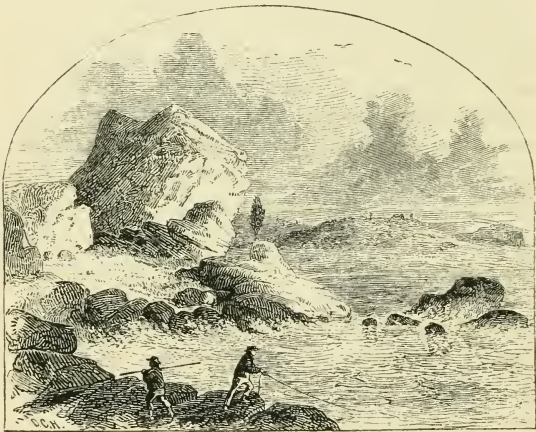
Where looms yon sail, that, like a curlew's wing,
Prints the gray sky, are moored enchanted isles
Of unimagined beauty, with soft airs
And luscious fruitage and unclouded stars ;
Where every breeze wafts music, every path
By flowers o'erhung, leads to a home of love,
And every life is glorified with dreams :
And thus beyond thy present destiny,
Beyond the inlet where the waves of Time
Fret at their barren marge, there spreads a sea
More free and tranquil, where the isles of peace
Shall yield thy highest aspiration scope,
And every sympathy response divine."

During the summer months, the beach is daily visited by hundreds, who array themselves in fancy costumes, and eagerly plunge into the tumbling surf. Gayly appareled beaux and belles vie in fantastic tricks, making the air ring with their careless laugh : but the music of their merry voices and the roaring of the surf are occasionally made to play the second part to the screams of some timid girl, who would fain buffet with the waves, did her courage admit. She is vanquished at the outset, and the first wave that caresses her tiny feet banishes for ever her small stock of courage ; while her companions fearlessly ride the billows' snowy crest ; now floating lightly on the ocean's heaving bosom ; now diving beneath the surface, in search of old Neptune's sparkling treasures. Nought will the swimmer there find, save sand smooth and white, or perchance a few shells fringed with delicate coral and many-colored moss.

Here, as well as on Sachuest Beach, one often sees fishermen drawing their nets for menhaden and blue fish or horse mackerel. The latter are often

taken in great abundance at the east end of Sachuest Beach.

Passing over the Beach and the creek connecting Easton's Pond with the ocean, we cross the neck of land that divides the two beaches, and pause upon the bold line of rocks that face the shore. These rocks, called the Bluff, are composed of gray wacke, and many of them have been displaced from their original bed by some mighty convulsion of nature.



BLUFF NEAR PURGATORY.

Near the northern extremity of the Bluff, and at the highest point, there is a dark chasm, known as Purgatory. The general impression is that the rock at this point was divided by some sudden upheaving of the earth, though President Hitchcock has expressed the opinion that it resulted from the washing of the

ocean at an early period in the world's history, at which time a larger portion of the earth was submerged, and the less enduring portions of the rock gave way under the action of the sea. Be this as it may, it requires strong nerves to approach the brink and look down into the yawning abyss. By actual measurement, the chasm is one hundred and sixty feet in length; width at top, from eight to fourteen feet; width at bottom, from two to twenty-four feet; depth at the outer edge, fifty feet; depth of water at low tide, ten feet.

One side of Purgatory is much higher than the other, and a few persons have been so daring as to leap across it. Two legends are connected with Purgatory. One is that the Devil once rewarded a sinning squaw for her murderous deeds, by throwing her down into the gulf. The foot-prints of His Majesty are still visible in the rock, and some go so far as to point out the spots of her blood along the bluff. The other story is of a maiden who put the affections of her lover to the test, by requiring him to leap across the opening in the rock from the point where they stood; declaring that if he did not confirm his vows of love by this act, he should never wed her. The youth, perceiving that she was really in earnest, boldly sprang to the opposite side; then bowing to the heartless girl, and bidding her a final adieu, he left her on the rock speechless from remorse.

Passing the second beach, we are on Sachuest Point, the extreme south-east of the Island. The waters on the left hand flow from Mount Hope Bay, and make the East River.

Here a bold scene was witnessed in 1778. The

British were then in possession of the southern portion of the Island, and they desired to cut off all communication by sea with other portions of the State. To effect this, a galley was anchored directly in the passage before us, armed with ten eighteen-pounders, besides ten swivels. In addition to this heavy armament, she was protected by a strong boarding netting, and manned by a crew of forty-five men, under Lieut. Dudley. She was called the Pigot. In her position she could do much injury to the American forces by intercepting supplies; and at last complaints became so general, that Major Talbot conceived the bold project of capturing her. To insure success, he obtained a small sloop, called the Hawk, equipped her with two three-pounders and sixty picked men from the various regiments quartered in Providence. The number was subsequently increased to seventy-five. After passing the fort at Bristol Ferry without receiving any injury from the shots fired at him, he anchored in Mount Hope Bay, where he left the vessel in charge of Lieut. Baker, landed and rode down the shore to this point. Here he carefully inspected the galley. He found her armed at all points, but the result of his inspection was exhibited in a stronger determination to attack her, which resolution he carried into effect on a dark night, Nov. 4th, 1778. The attack is thus described by the biographer of Talbot:*

“As the sloop dropped silently down the river, they lashed a kedge-anchor to the jib-boom, to tear, and at the same time grapple with the nettings of the Pigot. They drifted by the Fogland fort under bare poles, without being discovered,

* “Life of Talbot,” by Henry T. Tuckerman.

although they saw the sentinel each time he passed the barrack light. This was a most auspicious circumstance, for one shot would have given an alarm to the galley. All hands being ready for action, they again hoisted sail; but fearing they should run astray of their object in the darkness, soon cast anchor once more, lowered a boat, and went in search of her with muffled oars. They had proceeded but a few rods when her sombre form was seen rising in the gloom; they noted how she rode with the wind and tide, returned to the Hawk, and directed her course accordingly. Being soon perceived by the watch on the deck of the galley, they were repeatedly hailed, but made no answer; when nearly alongside, a volley of musketry was discharged at them; but before the Pigot could fire one gun, the jib-boom of the Hawk had torn its way through the nettings, and grappled the foreshrouds; while their salute had been amply returned, and Lieut. Helm, followed by his detachment, mounted the deck sword in hand. With shouts, the crew of the Hawk drove every man into the hold of the galley, except the commander, who fought desperately in his shirt and drawers, until convinced that resistance was useless. When informed, however, that he was vanquished by a little sloop, he wept over his inevitable disgrace, and Major Talbot in vain offered him the condolence which, as a generous victor, he felt at his mortification. This brilliant *coup de main* was effected without a loss on either side."

On the rocks that surround Sachuest Point, we find the fisherman in his element. Let us watch his sports for a moment.

The off rocks, at the northern extremity, are the Flints. There are fishers there, but the tide is near the flood, and to get to them water knee deep must be passed. The Shelf is farther to the south, and we already see enough to insure pleasure for the walk. A dozen or more are spread over the rock, some with poles, others with hand-lines, and all intent on securing a goodly bunch of tautog. One sees at a glance that they are amateurs. With them there is an old fisherman cutting bait, who, like an old hen scratching for a large brood, has as much as he can

attend to. To cut a lobster into suitable portions for bait, is but the task of a few moments ; but he is constantly called from this necessary work, to teach the less expert how to tie the tempting morsel to the hook, to direct one where to throw, and at the same time unhook a fish caught by another. Observe, all the fish taken are small ; the old fisherman will give you as a reason for this, that there are too many sinkers in the water to insure the catching of a "white chin."

At Checker Beach, there are but three fishing, and these form one party. Matters here are conducted in a manner wholly different. These sportsmen are after Bass. There is no running about the rocks, no unnecessary noise and confusion, and but one line is brought into play. Draw near, but keep low upon the rocks, and watch attentively their proceedings. The one in the rear has a basket of fresh menhaden near him ; with a bait-board and a sharp knife he scales these oily fish, taking a bait from each side, rejecting the head, and cutting the remainder into fine pieces. The small particles are then thrown into the water at intervals, and the scent spreads far and near, drawing the fish around the rock. Eighteen or twenty fathoms of line are coiled on the rock, and there is nearly as much more on the reel, ready in case a large bass is hooked. The hook is baited and skilfully cast just upon the edge of the white water, and the sportsman, lost to everything but the excitement of the moment, watches carefully his line and every movement in the water ; his foot advanced, and his hand raised to hook the fish that may chance to take his

bait. The line is suddenly drawn out, and with a rapid movement, the hook is buried in the now frightened fish—a horse-mackerel, full of life and game to the last. The hook is again baited, and, with a few small lumps, cast into the boiling surge; a huge bass has his eye upon it, and as it strikes the water, seizes it with a force that makes the line sing. The sportsman is prepared for the contest that he knows must follow; his chum has already cleared the reserve line, and away dashes the fish, now below the surface, and again the rays of the sun flash from his sides as he breaks water; but the strain is more than he can endure. He turns, and the line is gathered in at a rate that keeps it always bearing on his mouth, which is thus forced open; but again he turns, and again the line runs through the fingers at a speed that often cuts into the flesh, and then the same commotion on the surface; until, at length, exhausted, nearly drowned, and after a few plunges, a few ineffectual attempts to make another run, he is drawn slowly to the rock, and thence dragged to a place of safety by means of a gaff. The hook is once more baited, a few more lumps are thrown in, and a fresh hand takes the stand. Wishing him “good luck,” we pass on.

At Hobson’s Hole the scene is changed. Here are two men in quiet possession of the rock; they have baited carefully for some time, and are at last rewarded by the sight of bass in the water. Slowly, they have kept but one line going, and have already taken several fish, when the peace is broken by the appearance of a boat manned by one fisherman, who

has the meanness to drop his grapnel on the very spot where they are throwing; and see, he is preparing to avail himself of their morning's work. But listen! he is hailed and warned off; threats he laughs at, and throws in his hook; at demonstrations from the shore party he smiles, and perhaps chuckles, as he contemplates their discontented looks. His triumph is but short, for those on the rock gather from the beach on the left, a basket of smooth stones. The boatman laughs again, but a missile or two brings the laugh out on the other side of his mouth; and in a few minutes he becomes seriously alarmed for his safety. He begs lustily; stones are the missiles from the shore; he raises both hands imploringly; showers of stones fall thick and fast on his devoted head; he endeavors to screen himself under the gunwale of the boat; stones bring him on his feet again; he looks to the spectators to intercede; laughter and stones greet him; he swears; stones are the echoes; he asks time; stones are dealt out to him; he seizes his oars to indicate that he is off; stones follow in his wake; and when he is beyond the reach of further attacks, the fishing is resumed from the rocks, and the spectators, having enjoyed this amusing end to the day's sport, turn homeward. The next day the combatants meet, and they too enjoy a laugh.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD STONE MILL.



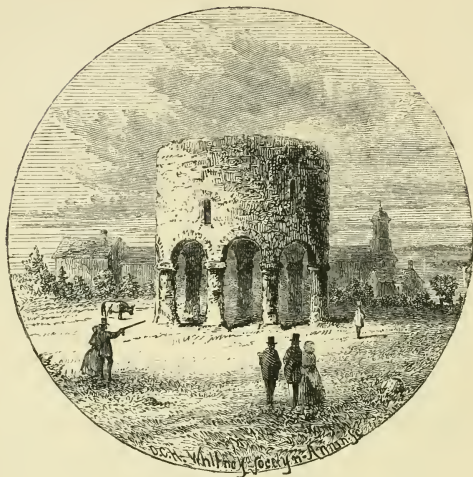
N the centre of an open lot, bounded by Pelham, Bellevue, Mill and George Sts., stands a venerable pile, known to the world as the "Old Stone Mill," but sometimes it is spoken of as the "Newport Ruin" and the "Round Tower." The stranger asks "when and by whom was it built," and from one he receives an answer that carries the mind back to the days when the Viking rover,

"Wandering from his region frozen,
On Vineland's shores delighted once to roam."

And by another he is told that

"This is the "Old Mill" of which they tell lies."

The origin and early history of the "Old Mill" is shrouded in mystery; and this fact, coupled with its peculiar construction and isolated position, has led to many fruitless conjectures. The antiquarian claims for it the honor of having afforded a secure shelter to the Norsemen, who, they say, built it as a lookout

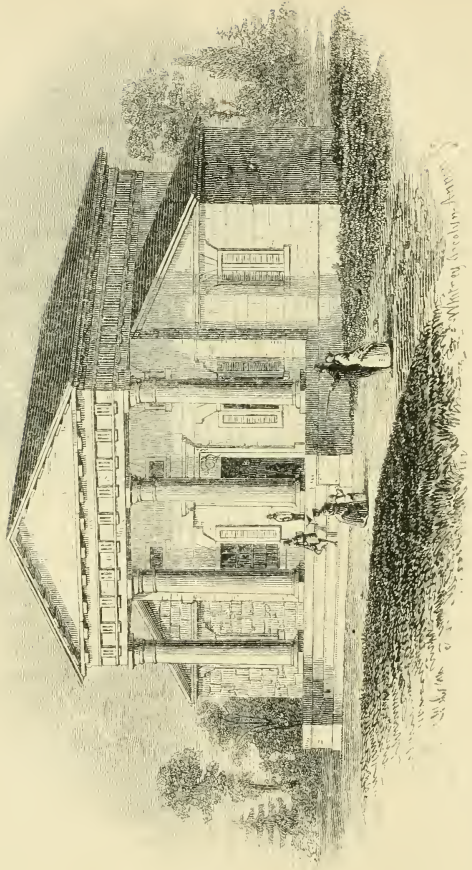


OLD STONE MILL.

and a tower of defense. The matter-of-fact observers deny it this enviable renown, and maintain that it is neither more nor less than an "Old Mill," built by Gov. Benedict Arnold, the first Charter Governor of the Colony, who owned the property at the time of his death, and of it makes mention in his will, calling it "my stone built Wind Mill."

The reader who would possess all of interest that has been written on this subject, is referred to a pamphlet entitled "The Controversy touching the old Stone Mill."





REDWOOD LIBRARY

CHAPTER IX.

REDWOOD LIBRARY.—JEWISH CEMETERY —JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

AT the time that Bishop Berkeley resided at Newport, a literary and philosophical society was formed by a number of gentlemen of the town. The society met weekly for debates and conversation upon questions of utility and interest; and to enable them the more successfully to carry out their original plan, it was deemed expedient to secure a library. In this step we trace the foundation of the Redwood Library and Athenæum. The attention of the society was immediately directed to the collection of books; and in 1747 a great impulse was given by Abraham Redwood, Esq., who placed at the disposal of the society £500, for the purchase of standard books in London. For the following sketch of the library building, we are indebted to the history of the Library, introduced into the last published catalogue:

“To give permanence and usefulness to his donation, Mr. Redwood enjoined on the society the duty of erecting an edifice, as a depository for such books as might be purchased. In pursuance of their object, a charter of incorporation was obtained in 1747, and the society in honor of their most liberal benefactor, assumed the name of the Redwood Library Company. For the erection of a library building, five thousand pounds were almost immediately subscribed by different citizens of the town. Henry Collins, Esq., proved a noble coadjutor of Mr. Redwood, and presented in June, 1748, to the company, the lot of land, then called Bowling Green, on which the present library edifice now stands.

“The library building, which is a beautiful specimen of the Doric order, was commenced in 1748, and completed in 1750. The plan was furnished by Joseph Harrison, Esq., assistant architect of Blenheim House, England. He also superintended the erection of the edifice, with the committee of the company, consisting of Samuel Wickham, Henry Collins and John Tillinghast. The master-builders were Wing Spooner, Samuel Green, Thomas Melvil and Israel Chapman. The principal front is ornamented with a portico of four Doric columns, seventeen feet in height, and projecting nine feet from the walls of the building. The edifice consists of a main building, and two small wings on each side, ranging in a line parallel with the west end of the building. The wings furnish two rooms of about twelve feet square. The principal library room, occupying the whole of the main building, is thirty-seven feet long, twenty-six feet broad, and nineteen feet in height. The whole building is supported by a substantial foundation raised several feet from the ground.”

Names of the leading men in the history of Rhode Island, are connected with this library. William Ellery, Stephen Hopkins, Daniel Updike, James Honyman, Jr., Dr. Stiles; and many others in turn were active members.

Valuable presents have been made to the library at different times, and the late Judah Touro, Esq., in his will, bequeathed three thousand dollars to the Company, to be expended in books and repairs. In 1843 he gave a thousand dollars to defray the expense of re-setting the steps.

The Library contains many old and valuable books that are now comparatively scarce; but many of the finest works were carried off by the British troops, when they left the Island. The loss sustained at that time can never be replaced. The present number of volumes is between six and seven thousand.

Continuing along Touro street to the north, the massive granite gateway and fence, surrounding the Jewish



JEWISH CEMETERY.

Cemetery will attract attention. It was erected in 1843 by order of the late Judah Touro, Esq., at an expense of about \$12,000. Mr. Touro was a native of Newport, and in these grounds repose the remains of his father and mother and other members of his family. The cemetery and the walk in front are kept in repair by a fund provided for that purpose through the liberality of Mr. Touro.

The street to the right, and leading nearly north, is Kay street, named after Nathaniel Kay, Esq., of whom mention is made in a former chapter. Kay street is of ample width, and in time, the walks will be shaded by the ornamental trees that have been planted. The buildings—all erected within fifteen years—stand back from the street, and many of them are large and

expensive, and not a few, are neat and picturesque cottages.

The continuation of Touro street will bring us to the Jewish Synagogue, which stands in an open lot, surrounded by a granite fence, somewhat similar to that around the cemetery. The synagogue was built in 1762, and up to the war it was regularly opened for services ; at that time there were not less than seventy Jewish families residing in Newport, and many of their members were numbered among the most wealthy and influential citizens. It was the only place of worship in New England, where Hebrew was chanted and read weekly. Abraham Touro left the handsome sum of \$20,000 in charge of the Town authorities, the interest to be expended in keeping the synagogue and grounds, and the street leading to it, in good repair, and the wishes of the donor have been carefully complied with.



BOAT HOUSE LANDING

CHAPTER X.

SOUTH TOURO STREET.—BUILDINGS RECENTLY ERECTED.—BOAT HOUSE LANDING.—COGGESHALS' LEDGE.—SPOUTING CAVE.

WITHIN a few years a street has been opened running south, in continuation of Touro Street, and called South Touro Street. It passed through several valuable farms, on the brow of the hill, the lots gently falling away on either side. These lots were quickly taken up, either for building purposes or for speculation. Many of them have changed hands repeatedly, and always at a large advance; but now they are principally owned by those who intend to occupy them. Buildings of every size, shape and style, have been erected, not a few at an enormous outlay, and the grounds have been adorned with rare plants and trees, and divided by paths sweeping in graceful lines in various directions. It is not necessary to point to individual specimens of taste; visitors will have an opportunity of examining these princely mansions as they ride to the Boat House beyond, and to the beautiful beach to the right, where the road terminates.

It will reward one to mount the rocks on either hand near the termination of the road, to gaze upon the open sea, that ever dashes its waves over the half submerged rocks along the coast. The line of rocks directly in front is Coggeshall's Ledge. It makes a

fine breakwater, and fishermen take advantage of it to run in and land their boats near the boat house.

From the point on the right, there is a fine view of Gooseberry Island, and in fine weather Block Island can plainly be seen, without the aid of a glass.

Crossing the shingle to the west of the boat house, we may again approach the Spouting Rock, for it is situated on the extremity of the opposite point.



THE GLEN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GLEN.



THE Glen is one of the most charming spots on the Island, and the roads leading to it offer many beautiful and attractive points. It is situated about six miles from

Newport, on the east side of the Island and about a mile off the main road. To reach it, we must leave the city at the head of Broad Street and follow the road to the two-mile corner, turn to the right, where the road descends, cross a small brook and mount the opposite hill. The road is wide and always in good repair, though often dusty during the dry season.

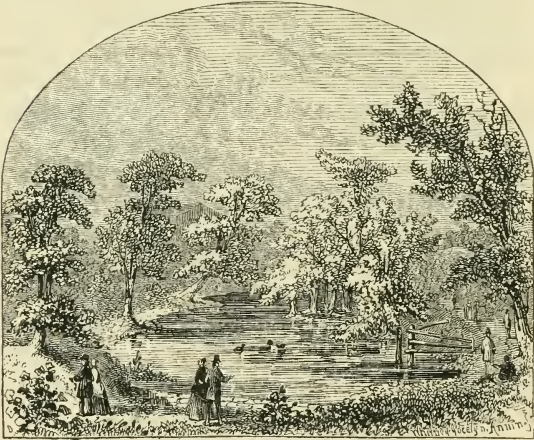
About five miles out we pass a handsome Episcopal church, built of stone, and liberally endowed by a lady who has done much to make her name beloved by all acquainted with her good works.

Farther on we come to the Atlantic House, formerly a tavern, but now known only as a fashionable hotel. We believe it is generally well sustained during the season, and riding parties often pause here for refreshments, and to stroll through the gardens

and the grand old orchards, to the rear of the house.

The next property beyond is owned by Miss Gibbs, and is known as Oakland. The large estate is beautifully adorned with shrubbery, and evergreen walks in which Dr. Channing spent many hours of his life in study. The house, hidden from view by the dense foliage, contains many gems of art, including the Jeremiah, by Allston.

At the next corner stands the Union meeting house, where Dr. Channing usually preached, when on the Island. If used at all, at the present time, it is only occasionally by some one invited to preach, and we know not by what denomination it is owned.



GLEN.

A short distance beyond the meeting house, a side road turns off to the right and leads directly to the Glen. Passing through the farm gate, that for years

has been opened by a blind boy, on the approach of strangers, the road gently winds through a grove of heavy trees, that become dense as we advance, until we stand upon the shore of the little pond in the centre of the Glen.

On one side is seen the old mill, its wheel turned by the falling water, breaking the stillness of the scene; and on the right the water falls over the rocks, stealing along the valley, half hid from view by the flowers and the tall grass, until it is lost in the river just seen through the opening.

On a fine afternoon hundreds visit this quiet spot, and the old woods are often made to ring with the merry laugh, or the gay song of some light hearted girl, in the full enjoyment of freedom from restraint, the gurgling of the brook, the fragrance of the wild flowers and the prospect of the distant shore from under the foliage that affords a grateful shade.

One who is well acquainted with the Glen, says of it, "the deep valley so called, is as sweet a bit of inland scenery in its way, as the country affords. In the afternoon, when the lateral sunshine plays through the surrounding foliage, the old mill and the clear stream form an admirable study for the landscape painter."

Returning from the Glen, and before reaching the main road, we should pause at Mrs. Durfee's Tea House, where everything will be found in order for the reception of visitors, and one will long remember her generous hospitality.

CHAPTER XII.

EXCURSION OVER THE BAY.—FORT ADAMS.—ROSE ISLAND.—
THE DUMPLINGS.



AMONG the many attractions held out by Newport to those who are in search of recreation and health giving exercise, there are none more congenial than pleasure excursions over the

waters of Narragansett Bay. Few visit the Island during the summer, without participating in the aquatic sports of the season, and it is rare to find one indifferent to the cool breezes and the gentle undula-

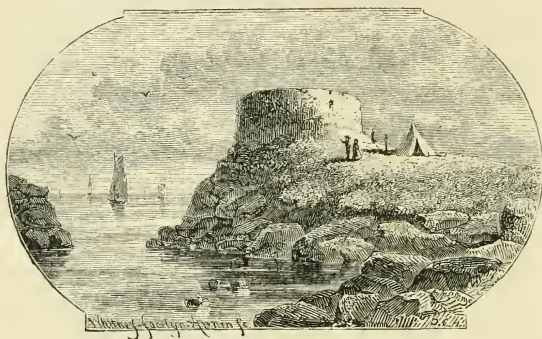
ting motion of the sea, as the boat with a swan-like grace dips from wave to wave. The harbor is peculiarly adapted to this amusement; tide there is little or none, the few sunken rocks are marked by buoys, the wind is generally steady, and the boats and yachts, that are kept for the accommodation of the public, are safe and are managed by men who have been brought up upon the water. On a summers' afternoon the two harbors are enlivened by hundreds of these gaily painted boats, their snow-white sails spread to the breeze, and their gaudy colors marked clear and defined against the sky that may rival in its soft tone and boundless depths the azure robe of Italy.

On Tuesday and Friday, when the fort is garrisoned, from six to seven, P. M., it is fashionable to visit Fort Adams, as at that hour the band is playing on the parade. On these occasions boats of every size are in requisition, and the number assembled at the government wharf is often very large. The ceremony within the fort closing, the visitors betake themselves to their boats again, and spreading sails are seen moving to and fro, as pleasure or fancy may dictate.

Another pleasant sail is in the direction of Rose Island. This requires more time, and affords a finer view of the open passage to the south and the river to the north. The island is low but picturesque in form, and seems to float upon the water. A group of trees upon the higher parts and a few shrubs planted upon the crumbling mounds, would give it a charming appearance from all points, and make it much more attractive. As it is now, fishing par-

ties have to rely on the old and ruined barracks for a shade.

Another point of interest, that can only be visited in a boat, is



FORT DUMPLINGS,

or, more properly, Fort Brown, situated on the Island of Conanicut, just at the mouth of the outer harbor. The Fort itself is oval in form, and placed on a high wall of rocks, against which the ocean waves are ever breaking. The water in front is very bold, the surrounding rocks—the Dumplings—are rich in form and color, (many of them graced with stunted spruce trees,) the little beach is a gem, and the hills, as they sweep inland, one upon another, like ocean billows, delight the eye, and invite man to pause and survey their graceful slopes. The rocks are here hard and stern; the grass has not the rich emerald tint seen on Rhode Island; trees—in the foreground—there are none, and the few bushes hug their mother earth,

as if afraid to raise their stunted heads ; but with all this, the scene is beautiful ; and the dreamy stillness that pervades all nature, is in perfect keeping with the ruined tower above and the lazy waters below.

The fishing around the Dumplings is excellent ; and there is probably not a day during the season, except in storms, that boats are not seen winding among the rocks in search of prey. They are generally successful, although the fish taken are small as compared with the same variety captured off the reef.

Gay parties often resort to the Dumplings to escape from the throng of the city for a while, and enjoy a day of sunshine and pleasure in the open air. Here they spread an ample tent, or gather in a circle on the soft and yielding turf, to partake of a rich and savory chowder, cooked on the rocks, and served in the true picnic style—a bowl of chowder and a heaping tray of crackers, flanked with lemons and sugar, and a flagon of——water.

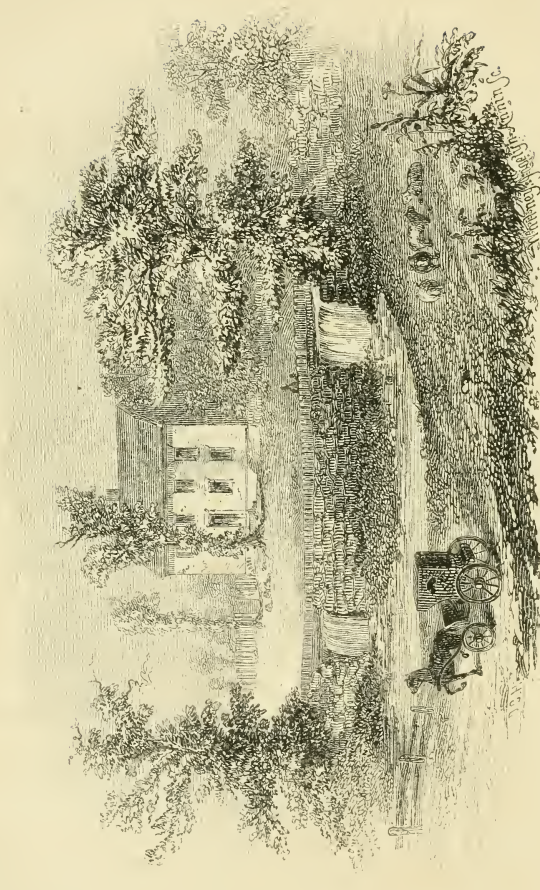
CHAPTER XIII.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS.—CAPTURE OF GEN. PRESCOTT.
REDWOOD HOUSE —BUTT'S HILL.—LAWTON'S VALLEY.—R. I.
COAL MINES.

BY taking the main road, and keeping to the west, an hour's ride will bring us to the spot where Gen. Prescott was captured by Col. Barton, on the night of June 10th, 1777. The road is not as much frequented as the east or mail route, but in many respects it is more pleasing.

At the corner of the cross road, about three and a half miles out, stands a picturesque little church, built from a design by Mr. Upjohn, and called the Church of the Holy Cross. Beyond this, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, we reach the farm known as the Page place, and the house that stands back a short distance from the road, was occupied by Gen. Prescott, as his head-quarters in Portsmouth, at the time that he was surprised by the Americans.

The capture of Gen. Prescott by Col. Barton was a memorable event in the history of the Revolution, and as remarkable for its daring as for its complete success. It is unnecessary here to rehearse the story; every one is acquainted with the particulars, and we have only to point to the different objects to make the whole scene familiar.



PRESCOTT'S HEADQUARTERS, PORTSMOUTH.

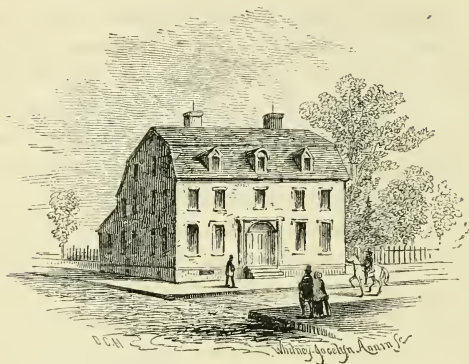
The stream that gently falls over the wall, then winds across the road and under the little bridge, is soon lost to view in the tangled brushwood on the west. It was by this ravine, (through which this stream finds its way to the sea,) that Barton and his party approached the house. The gate and the path remain unchanged, and one can readily imagine the band of patriots quietly drawing near to the house, with the full determination of capturing the leader of the enemy's forces, or of sacrificing their lives in the attempt. The work was soon done. The old negro (who we well remember) broke in the panel with his head; the astonished General was taken from his bed, and without allowing him time to dress, he was carried forth by strong arms, and hurried over a field but lately reaped—the stubble sorely cutting his naked feet—to the boat in waiting at the mouth of the creek. There he was wrapped in Barton's cloak, and the boats pulled away for the opposite shore, passing directly under the stern of one British man-of-war, and under the bows of another; the General hearing the sentinel above his head proclaiming "All's well," but, restrained by the fear of instant death, he could not make known his painful situation.

The house was at that time in the possession of the Overing family, and by some it is still called the Overing house. Since that time it has passed through several hands.

The name of Prescott was detested by friend and foe, and independent of the humiliation and disgrace attached to such a capture, the British troops were

overjoyed to find that he had been so suddenly snatched from his command.

In Newport, the



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GEN. PRESCOTT,

was the house corner of Pelham and Spring Streets, directly opposite the Congregational Church, and now the property of Joshua Sayer, Esq. During the war it was owned by the Bannister family. The General, in pleasant weather, used to walk from the corner of the house in Spring Street to the north corner of the block, and, to have a dry flagging, he caused a sufficient number of stone steps to be removed from the neighboring dwellings, and placed there for his accommodation. Here he used to sun himself, and wo betide the man who had the temerity to pass him without taking off his hat.

The house is of the old school, of which we have already made mention. It is finished throughout with

panel work, elaborate mouldings, rooms of ample dimensions, a wide hall and generous staircase.

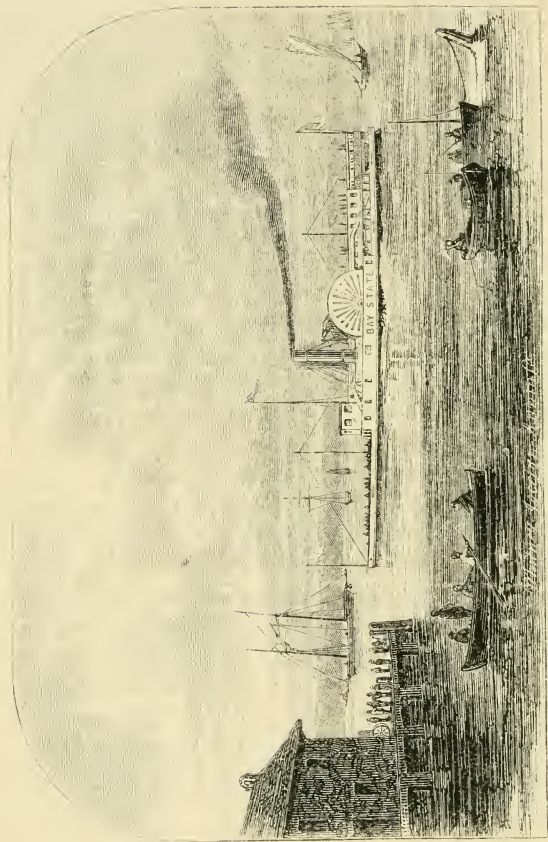
The next estate to the Page place, with the fine row of linden trees in front, is the Redwood farm; and at the time of the capture of Gen. Prescott, it was occupied by Gen. Smith, who was second in command.

Beyond the Redwood farm, and to the right, there is an elevation, known as Butt's Hill. Here the Americans, under Sullivan and Greene, made a desperate stand against the British, at the time they were driven from the Island. The odds were greatly in favor of the enemy, but nevertheless these brave officers managed to cover the retreating forces, and to embark with them without serious loss.

The valley below Butt's Hill is an exceedingly picturesque one, and is known as Lawton's Valley. It is watered by a small stream that flows through its entire length, and falls into the Bay. Few who have leisure, pass this lovely spot without pausing to rest beneath the shade of the trees that hang gracefully over the little brook.

Keeping the road for a distance of about ten miles from Newport, we come upon the Rhode Island Coal Mines. The mines have been worked for a number of years, and at the present time the yield is large, and the coal of a quality suitable for all uses where an intense heat is required, and a strong draft can be applied. The main shaft is now over six hundred feet in depth, dipping at an angle of 35 degrees, with five lateral galleries, branching off at lengths varying from three hundred to eleven hundred feet,

One may descend, if disposed to explore the dark caverns ; but the sights there to be seen will scarcely repay one for the labor and fatigue of groping through the dark and damp passages, and over broken fragments of rock and coal.



STEAMBOAT LANDING

CHAPTER XIV.

STEAMBOATS RUNNING TO AND FROM NEWPORT.

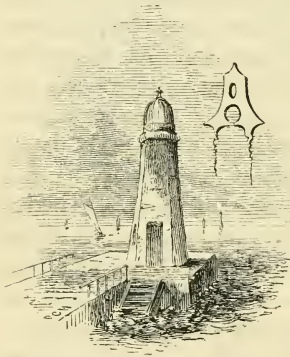
NEWPORT is brought into direct communication with New York by means of the Bay State line of steamers, comprising the Bay State, Empire State, State of Maine, and the new steamer Metropolis. The last is the largest and every way the finest boat that has ever been on the Sound. These boats leave New York every afternoon, at five o'clock in the summer and at four in winter, arriving at Newport between two and three the next morning, where they stop at the Long Wharf to land their passengers and freight, and then proceed to Fall River with their Boston passengers, to connect with the Fall River Railroad. In the evening the cars leave Boston at five o'clock, and the boats touch at Newport between eight and nine, on their way to New York, where they arrive the next morning at a seasonable hour.

The steamer Perry plies on the River, between Newport and Providence, making two trips each way daily during the summer, thus accommodating the travel between the two cities, and offering facilities for connecting with Boston and New York, by means of the Providence or Worcester Railroads.

There are other boats connecting with Newport during the warm season, but their trips are not made with sufficient regularity to be noticed here

CHAPTER XV.

THE POINT—WASHINGTON STREET.—DR. WM. HUNTER—EON,
WM. HUNTER.—DEATH OF CHEVALIER DE TERNAY.—FORT
GREENE.



FINE view of the Bay and Harbor may be obtained from the Point, which comprises that part of the city to the north of the Long Wharf, and west of Thames Street.

The change in the appearance of the Point within a few years, is very great; not that any remarkable buildings have gone up there, but the whole of that portion of the city has sensibly improved. The principal streets have been graded, the buildings generally neatly painted, and in a few instances new and pretty cottages have been built. We often wonder that no more buildings are erected in that quarter; the situation is delightful, the prospect finer than in the compact part of the city; it is easy of access, affords a fine opportunity for bathing, and offers many inducements to those who are seeking desirable building lots.

The principal street running north and south, is Washington Street. About half way from the Long Wharf, and a few doors from Bridge Street, stands the Hunter house, another of the old fashioned buildings, so characteristic of Newport.

Here Dr. Wm. Hunter resided, and the property is still in the hands of his descendants.

Dr. Hunter was a Scotch physician of high respectability. He was educated at Edinburgh, but settled in Newport many years prior to the Revolution. It is said that he was one of the devoted band of Scotchmen who adhered to the last to the ill-fated house of Stuart, and that his emigration hither was the consequence of his participation in the rebellion of 1745. In the year 1755 he was surgeon of the troops raised by this State for the expedition against Crown Point, and it was in his tent that the brave Baron Dieskau breathed his last. In the year 1756 he delivered in this city, the first course of anatomical lectures ever given in the country. His youngest son, the late Hon. William Hunter, was born at Newport.

Hon. William Hunter graduated at Brown University, and sailed for London, where he commenced the study of medicine under the guidance of his kinsman, the celebrated Dr. Hunter. The profession, however, was distasteful to him, and he soon after entered the Inner Temple, a pupil of Arthur Murphy, Esq. Returning to Newport, and having been admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, he soon found himself, despite his youth, in the enjoyment of a large and lucrative practice.

In 1834, Mr. Hunter was appointed Charge to

Brazil, an office which, in 1842, was raised to that of a full mission. In 1844, Mr. Hunter retired from the post and from public life, and returned to this place, where he resided until his death.

As a lawyer, Mr. Hunter was distinguished for the extent and variety of his learning, while his varied accomplishments gave him great power as an advocate. As a writer, he is mostly known by his occasional orations and discourses, which display rich and ripe scholarship.

It was in the Hunter house that the Chevalier De Ternay breathed his last.

At the northern extremity of Washington Street, Fort Greene is situated; and from this point a beautiful prospect opens, and one may long enjoy the view of the Bay and the projecting points of land.

Fort Greene rests in part on the Blue Rocks. It was built in 1776, and the breastwork was thrown up in one night, for the purpose of attacking the British ship Scarborough, lying off Rose Island. On the following day the guns were brought to bear so effectually upon her as to force her to beat an ignoble retreat. The fort was called the North Battery till 1798, when, by order of Congress, the present fort was built and named after Gen. Greene.

CHAPTER XVI.

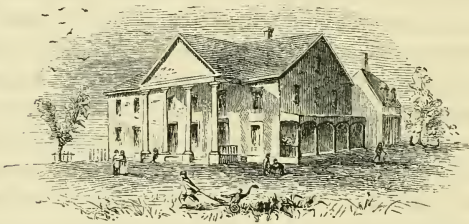
TAMMANY HILL.—TAMMANY HILL INSTITUTE.—MALBONE'S GARDEN.—SMILERT.—ALLSTON.—STUART.—ART IN AMERICA

THE rising ground to the north of the city is known as Tammany Hill—so called from the fact that Miantonomi, an Indian sachem, once ruled this portion of the island, and it has been said that he made this hill the seat of his government; recent discoveries have, however, shown that the sachem who made this hill his home was Wannemetonomie, a son of Miantonomi. The hill is quite elevated, sloping gradually to the south and west, and on the north it is very abrupt.

During the Revolution, Tammany Hill was surmounted by a breastwork, thrown up by the British, and was made one of a chain of outposts across the Island. The remains of the work are still visible. There is a lookout rising from the centre of the hill, and from its summit a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. We have often paused upon this elevated point to enjoy the scene. To watch all the changes in the landscape, from the first dawn of light to the last dying rays of the setting sun, is the privilege of those only who reside on the hill-tops; and the lessons that are taught to the young by the glories of the sunlight and the majesty of the

storm, seen from a point like this, cannot be effaced even amid the stirring scenes of after life.

Tammany Hill is a portion of the farm bearing the same name, and here Messrs. REID & THURSTON have their school for boys, who are instructed in all the branches of popular education, and are carefully fitted for college or the more active pursuits of life.



TAMMANY HILL INSTITUTE.

A little lower, on the south side of the hill, stands a picturesque stone house, owned by J. Prescott Hall, Esq. It is located on or near the site of the famous Malbone House. All the land in that section was once the property of the late Godfrey Malbone, Esq., and the estate had a wide reputation for the taste and elegance displayed by its wealthy proprietor. The house was accidentally consumed in 1766. The flames broke out as a large party were about to sit down to dinner. Mr. Malbone, finding that it would be impossible to save the house, ordered the dinner to be taken to the lawn and served, observing, "If I

have lost my house, there is no reason why we should lose our dinner." To this day the grounds are spoken of as Malbone's Garden, though nothing now remains of the former splendor, save the artificial fish-ponds, and the rows of ancient fruit trees.

When the property passed out of the Malbone family, Edward Malbone, a descendant of Godfrey Malbone, Esq., devoted himself to his art with unabated zeal, that by so doing he might in time be enabled to repurchase the estate. By his intense application to his profession, he undermined his constitution, and planted the seeds of a disease that shortened his life.

Newport may justly be proud of the distinguished artists who, at various periods of her history, have shown so decided an attachment to her soil. Smilert painted here, and probably the portrait of Bishop Berkeley, now at Yale College, was painted at Whitehall. Samuel King, during his lifetime, practised portrait painting in Newport, and it is a matter of regret that we have so little of his history preserved to us; but we know that he was the first instructor of Malbone and Allston, and that the store in Thames Street, now occupied by Mr. Jno. N. Potter, No. 130, was the spot where they were daily employed under his direction. Stuart made Newport his home; his attachment to it was very marked, and his daughter, Miss Jane Stuart, an artist of much skill, resides here at the present time. The painting in the Senate Chamber of the State House, is one of Stuart's finest works; and as a contrast to it, there are two pictures in the Redwood Library, portraits of the late Mr. and Mrs. Bannister, painted by him when a boy, and before he sailed for

Europe to study with West. Mr. Charles B. King, now of Washington, claims Newport as his home, and many of his finest pictures have been deposited in the Redwood Library; and Mr. R. M. Staigg, whose miniatures are so highly prized, is a citizen of Newport by adoption.

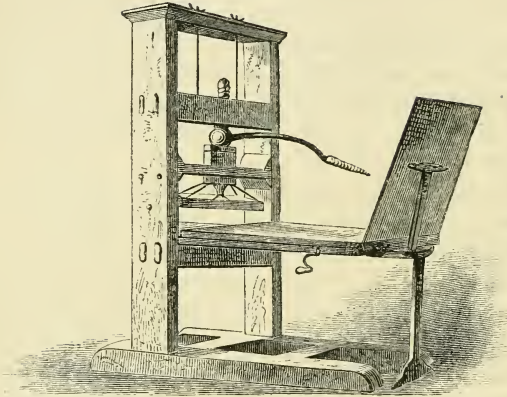
A few of Malbone's pictures are still to be found in Newport, but in most cases they have been purchased and taken away. The "Hours"—the picture that has made his name famous—is at present in Providence.

Art in America has had to struggle to maintain even a respectable position. For it to rise to eminence in this land of cent. per cent., is wholly out of the question. The wonder is, how in the whirl of business, when all that bears not the stamp of trade is brushed aside, such men as Stuart, Malbone, Allston and King, could have reached the temple of Fame. But when those conversant with their history reflect upon the means resorted to by these distinguished men to secure future greatness; when we picture them toiling incessantly, at every sacrifice, to meet the wants of life, and to instill into the public a little of their enthusiastic love of Art, with no public collection at hand for reference, no prospect of public patronage, and no hope beyond that of leaving some work that might in time convey to the more discerning some evidence of their worth; when we know that their lives were thus devoted to one object, the love of which could alone sustain them, we no longer wonder at their success, but learn to emulate their zeal, and almost to worship the efforts of genius se-

cured to us at so great cost. The names of men like these can never die. They have been tried in the balance, and not found wanting. Shall we leave others to struggle against like reverses of fortune—reverses that try all but the more enduring—shall we leave them to pass through the same ordeal, to be purified by the fire of afflictions, the offspring of neglect and cold indifference; or, shall we open for them a way by instructing the young to seek out the beautiful in art and nature, and thus lay the foundation of a wide national taste.

In America we have no established schools of Art opened to the pupil. All that we urge is, that youth should be instructed in the rudiments of Art, as they progress with their other studies. By such a course they would soon learn to reverence the name of the great, obtaining at the same time a knowledge that would prove a source of infinite pleasure in after life; and if they possess a single spark of the true fire, it will find a way to display itself, and to triumph, even if it be kindled in a land that has done so little for real Art.

CHAPTER XVII.



FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY—JAMES FRANKLIN.—BRENTON TOWN
HOUSE.—JUDGE HALLIBURTON.

THE first newspaper published in Newport was issued in 1732, by James Franklin, elder brother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. It was a small sheet, the size of ordinary letter paper, and was printed on a press brought from Boston, which press, imported by James Franklin, is now standing in the office of the Newport Mercury.

On the 14th of February, 1734-5, James Franklin

died, aged 38, after a long indisposition. The printing office he left to his son James, then a child. On the 12th June, 1758, James, the son, issued the first number of the Newport Mercury. He was assisted in the management of it by his mother, Mrs. Ann Franklin, and in a few years, James, having left Newport, for some cause never made known, and never to return, her imprint alone appeared on the paper. The daughter of Mrs. Franklin having married one Samuel Hall, the Mercury was made over to him, and subsequently it was transferred to Solomon Southwick, who published it until December, 1776, when it was discontinued for a time, Southwick fearing the British, who were preparing to land on the Island, would destroy his property. To prevent his press and types, then standing in the office on Queen Street, near the middle of the parade, from falling into their hands, they were removed to the rear of the old building on Broad Street, known as the Kilburn House, where they were buried in the garden. The fact that the property was so secreted was made known to the commander of the British troops, who caused it to be removed to the building known as the Vaughan House, making the north corner of the Parade and Thames Street, where, in the chambers, one John Howe, who was known as printer to his Majesty, regularly issued the Rhode Island Gazette during 1777-78-79, copies of which paper can now be seen at the Redwood Library. After the war, the office was purchased by Mr. Henry Barber, and the Mercury was again issued January 1, 1780. It continued in the possession of the Barber family for over seventy years, having

been owned by father, son, and grandson in succession. It is now the property of Messrs. Coggeshall & Pratt.

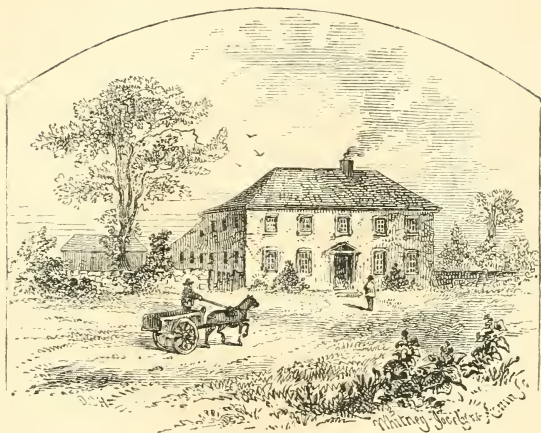
The house directly opposite, standing back from the street, and shaded by large and beautiful trees, is known as the



CHANNING HOUSE,

but it has an interest apart from the fact that it was once owned by members of the Channing family. It was built by Jalaeel Brenton, Esq., in 1720, and was occupied by his family as a town house. It was in this building that Judge Halliburton of Nova Scotia, was born; and here, in later times, Washington passed a night. It was then kept as a boarding-house by a Mrs. Almy. Subsequently it passed through many hands, and is now owned by Adam S. Coe, Esq., and is occupied as a boarding school for young ladies, by Misses Coe.

CHAPTER XVIII.



WHITEHALL.

A RIDE TO GREEN END, HONYMAN'S HILL, WHITEHALL, AND
OVER THE BEACHES.

FEW spots in the environs of Newport are more endeared to the antiquarian than the quiet vale where Berkeley lived, and wrote his finest works. The changes that have been effected in that portion of the island for the century past, are slight indeed, and one can there still enjoy the quiet and repose, so congenial to the mind of Berkeley, climb the hill, named for his friend and neighbor, to survey the scene that always

filled his mind with delight; or, enjoy the shade of the overhanging rocks, where, in fine weather, he daily wrote, undisturbed, save by the murmur of the distant ocean, the song of birds, and the low hum of bees.

The day is fine, the roads are in excellent order, and we will turn our horses' heads towards Green End and chat of Berkeley's sojourn on Rhode Island, as we gently mount the hill.

Whitehall can be reached by passing over the Beach and the neck of land that divides it from the second beach, and then up through the valley that opens to the left: or, by the main and Green End roads, returning by the beaches. We prefer the latter, and will now take the road leading from Broad Street, and follow it for half a mile or so, where it branches off to the right, and to the right we must keep. On either slope are beautiful meadows of emerald green: the orchards already display thick clusters of ripening fruit: the maze, in its perfection, is gently swayed by the soft breezes from the sea, and the birds, that fill the air with their song, fly not at the approach of man.

At the top of the first hill we look down upon Easton's Pond, a large sheet spread out before us, its waters unbroken, save by the light skiff of the angler, or the duck leading forth her young brood upon its glassy surface. Its eastern shore is bounded by Easton's beach, and in the breakers beyond we can descry the bathers, dark against the white waves sporting on the shore.

To the east, the eye rests upon the valley below, and the rising ground that shuts out the view on the opposite side. The hill is known as Honyman's Hill,

and on its summit the American forces were once gathered, under Lafayette, to repulse the British troops, then in possession of the spot on which we now stand. The remains of the breast work, thrown up by the British, are still visible on the farm to the east, and when a portion of it was levelled a few years since, cannon balls were brought to light, that were thrown from the American work before the general retreat under Sullivan.

As we descend the hill we lose the view of all save the sloping banks of green, the gnarled and twisted trees that have yielded their fruits to father and son for generations, and the quiet little brook, that takes its rise in the woods some miles to the north, and empties its limpid waters in the pond to the right. The view is contracted, for the road curves at every few rods, and each change is more pleasing than the last.

The ascent of Honyman's Hill is somewhat steep. On the left hand, just by the school house, there is a narrow road, running north, and shaded by overhanging trees, that, for a short drive, is very pleasant. It comes out on the main road, about three miles from town. We continue the ascent, and as we approach the summit of the hill, find ourselves well repaid for the exertion.

To the south a wider view is offered. The Pond, Easton's Beach, the more elevated portions of the town, and the cliffs, pushing far out into the sea, are spread out before us like a map. Each object can be distinctly seen, and even the sails and masts of

the light craft, far out on the horizon, are clearly marked.

Berkeley, when asked why he did not select this spot for the site of his house, replied, "To enjoy the prospect of the hill, he must visit it only occasionally; that, if his constant residence should be on the hill, the view would be so common as to lose all its charms."

George Berkeley, son of William Berkeley, was born at Kilcrin, near Thomaston, county of Kilkenny, March 12, 1764. At the county schools he received the rudiments of education, and at fifteen years of age he entered as a pensioner in the University of Dublin, where, at the expiration of eight years, he obtained a fellowship. At this time he published some of his writings, principally upon mathematical science. In 1709 he gave to the world his "Theory of Vision," and the following year he published the "Principles of Human Knowledge." In 1712 he was induced to enter upon the discussion of political theories, and to Locke's celebrated treatise the world is indebted for the sudden turn given to his writings. Berkeley's support of the banished Stuarts made him unpopular at the time, insomuch that Lord Galway represented him as a Jacobite, which unfavorable impression was only removed through the agency of his college pupil, Mr. Molyneaux.

The writings of Berkeley early attracted considerable attention, and they soon became the subject of discussion and controversy. With Dr. John Clarke he had a controversy of a serious and protracted nature, and many years after, through the influence of

Addison, the parties were brought together ; but they separated without a settlement of their dispute.

In 1713, Berkeley went over to London to superintend the publishing of his three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, which brought him to the notice of the most celebrated literary men of his day. He became intimate with Steele and Pope, and at the request of the former, wrote several papers for the Guardian ; for each of which it is said he received a guinea and a dinner. He was introduced by Steele to the Earl of Peterborough, who took him as chaplain and secretary, when he received the appointment of Ambassador to the King of Sicily.

In 1724, Berkely was preferred to the deanery of Derry, with a living of £1,100. But new thoughts had found birth, and these filled his mind with visions of future usefulness. His heart was filled with the lofty and holy design of converting the savages of America to Christianity, by means of a College to be erected on the Island of Bermuda. The design once conceived, he arranged and drew up plans with full explanations, and solicited the influence of his friends to secure for these a favorable hearing. His feelings at the time found utterance in the verses so often quoted :

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way.”

The project which Berkeley had so much at heart, is admirably set forth in a letter from Swift to Lord Carteret. In this he says :

“Your Excellency will be frighted when I tell you all this is but an introduction, for I am now to mention his errand.

He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles and power; and for three years past, has been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. . . . He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see the whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical,—I shall make you remember what you were,—of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole £100 for himself, £40 for a fellow, and £10 for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left at your Excellency's disposal."

The efforts to change the views of Berkeley were unavailing; and to carry out his plans, he sent in his proposals to King George I. The result is well known. On the 11th of May, 1726, it was voted in the House of Commons, "That an humble address be presented to His Majesty, that out of the lands in St. Christophers, yielded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, His Majesty would be graciously pleased to make such grant for the support of the president and fellows of the College of St. Paul's in Bermuda, as His Majesty should think proper." To this the King answered favorably, and Berkeley felt sure that the £20,000 asked for would be forthcoming. But the statesmen of the day thought differently, and before the great seal was affixed, the King died. Berkeley did not pause for this, but arranged his affairs with the full expectation of ultimately receiving the grant; and in 1728, having married but a month previous, he sailed for this port. Here he corresponded with his friends in England and Ireland on the subject of his grant. It then often required six months, and sometimes a year, to transmit a letter. He met with no encouragement, and after learning

that the land in St. Christophers had been sold and the proceeds distributed without regard to his claim, and having received the following reply from Walpole to Bishop Gibson's question in his behalf, he settled his affairs and returned to Dublin: "If you put the question to me as a minister, I trust and assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £20,000, I advise him, by all means, to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations."

The following tradition of the landing of Dean Berkeley in Newport, we extract from "Memoirs of Rhode Island," by the late Major Bull:

"The ship ran into the west passage, and came to anchor. The Dean wrote a letter to Mr. Honyman, [rector of Trinity Church.] which the pilots took on shore at Conanicut Island, and called on a Mr. Gardner and Mr. Martin, two members of Mr. Honyman's church, informing them that a great dignitary of the Church of England, called Dean, was on board the ship, together with other gentlemen passengers. They handed them the letter from the Dean, which Gardner and Martin brought to Newport in a small boat, with all possible dispatch. On their arrival they found Mr. Honyman at church, it being a holyday on which divine service was held there. They then sent the letter by a servant, who delivered it to Mr. Honyman in the pulpit. He opened it and read it to the congregation, from the contents of which it appeared the Dean might be expected to land in Newport every moment. The church was dismissed with a blessing, and Mr. Honyman, with the wardens, vestry, church and congregation, male and female, repaired immediately to the Ferry wharf, where they arrived a little before the Dean, his family and friends."

Berkeley was charmed with Rhode Island, and in writing to his friends he describes it as "pleasantly laid out in hills and vales and rising grounds, and hath

plenty of excellent springs, and fine rivulets, and many delightful landscapes of rocks, and promontories, and adjacent lands." He soon became settled, and built Whitehall, in the valley below us, and to approach it we leave the main road to the left, enter a gate, and follow the path a few rods to the house—now fast going to decay from neglect, and the wear of more than a hundred New England winters.

The worthy dean found in Newport a society refined and elevated, whose pursuits were congenial to his tastes. With others, he soon formed a philosophical association, comprising the names of men distinguished in their day for their learning and liberality, and who ultimately laid the foundation of the Redwood Library.

Whitehall was given by Berkeley to Yale College, which still retains the fee, and he also presented that institution with a considerable portion of his library. Of his favorite resort, Major Bull thus speaks :

"During his residence at Whitehall he wrote his 'Minute Philosopher,' and his celebrated poem, so oracular as to the future destinies of America. These were principally written at a place about half a mile to the south of his house. There he had his chair and writing apparatus placed in a natural alcove which he found in the most elevated part of the Hanging Rocks, (so called) roofed and only open to the south, commanding at once a view of Sachuest Beach, the ocean and the circumjacent islands. This hermitage was to him a favorite and solitary retreat. He continued here about two years, perhaps a little longer. He was certainly here as late as September, 1731, as appears by a supplementary inscription on the tombstone of Nathaniel Kay, Esq., which is as follows, viz: Joining to the south of this tomb, lies Lucia Berkeley, daughter of Dean Berkeley, obit. the 5th of September, 1731."

And it is recorded of him by another :

"His preaching was eloquent and forcible, and he always

had a large congregation. He was tolerant in religious opinions, and members of all denominations flocked to hear him."

After Berkeley's return to England, he presented Trinity Church with the organ, still seen in that edifice. A recent examination of the records of the town of Berkeley, Mass., has brought to light the fact that the name of Berkeley was given to the parish as a compliment to the dean, and that after his return to Dublin he caused a magnificent organ to be built, which he shipped to his agent at Newport, to be forwarded to Berkeley. The selectmen of the latter place, when they received the letter from the dean, called a town meeting, and it was voted that "an organ is an instrument of the devil for the entrapping of men's souls," and would have nothing to do with it. The vote was soon made known to Berkeley, who subsequently presented the organ to Trinity Church. The original case, of English oak, is still in use in the church, and it contains a part of the old works, with the addition of such new pipes as were found necessary when it was rebuilt a few years ago.

In 1753 Bishop Berkeley died at Oxford. He expired in his chair, of palsy of the heart, while his wife was reading to him a sermon by Sherlock. So easy was his death that some time elapsed before it was known to those around him.

Leaving the quiet retreat, where an hour may be spent most delightfully, we follow the road quite to the foot of the hill, cross a slight bridge over a little brook that ever flows on towards the sea—overshadowed by drooping willows, and bordered by tall flags and tangled wild flowers,—and follow its course nearly

to the shore. Here it is gurgling at our feet, and there it steals off through the meadows, only to return and cross the road again before we finally turn our back upon it.

Beyond the last narrow bridge the road opens upon the sands of Sachuest Beach. To the left are the hanging rocks, showing their dark sides and surmounted with stunted spruce and fir trees ; on the extreme left, Sachuest Point is whitened by the breakers, and on the right, and almost in front, are the massive rocks of Purgatory. Following the road to the right, and passing the old boat house by the gate, we soon reach the summit of the hill, from which another view of Easton's Beach may be obtained, with the spires of the city in the distance, cutting sharp against the sunset sky.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIBERTY TREE.—HENRY MARCHANT, ESQ.—HON. WM. ELLERY.



LIBERTY TREE.

AT the head of Thames Street stands the venerable Liberty Tree, spreading abroad its bleached and naked limbs, that groan and crackle beneath the blasts of winter, and afford no sheltering shade during the heat of summer.

In 1766, Wm. Read, Esq., deeded to Wm. Ellery, John Collins, Robert Cooke and Samuel Fowler, the Liberty Tree lot. The instrument, drawn up by Henry Marchant, Esq., is to this effect :

Said lot and tree thereon, were conveyed to the grantees "in trust, and for ever thereafter to be known by the name of the 'Tree of Liberty,' to be set apart to, and for the use of, the Sons of Liberty; and that the same stand as a monument of the spirited and noble opposition to the Stamp Act, in the year 1765, by the Sons of Liberty in Newport, and throughout the continent of North America, and to be considered as emblematical of Public Liberty taking deep root in English America, of her strength and spreading protection, of her benign influences, refreshing her sons in all their just struggles against the attempts of tyranny and oppression. And furthermore, the said Tree of Liberty is destined and set apart, for exposing to public ignominy and reproach, all offenders against the liberties of the country, and the abettors and approvers of such as would enslave her. And, in general, said tree is hereby set apart, for such other purposes as they, the true-born Sons of Liberty, shall, from time to time, from age to age, and in all times and ages hereafter, apprehend, judge and resolve, may subserve the glorious cause of Public Liberty."

The British destroyed the tree thus dedicated; but after the evacuation, the present tree was planted by a party of thirteen, in 1783, whose names are engraved on the plate of copper, now nearly covered by the bark of the tree.

"They are gone—all gone," it seemed to say;
 "They are all in their graves, and why should I stay?"
 The stout old hands that planted me here
 Have been mouldering now for many a year;
 Their children and children's children I've seen
 Laid down in the shade of my branches green;
 That stalwart race is gone from the land,
 And why should I any longer stand?
 My royal equals, too, of the wood,
 Who in other days around me stood,—
 The motherly elm and the fatherly oak,—
 Have bowed to decay or the woodman's stroke;

The poplar, the beech, and the dark green ash,
 Have startled the fields with their farewell crash ;
 They have left me here in my solitude,
 O'er the memories of the past to brood,
 And over my present misery,
 A poor, old, naked and useless tree.

* * * * *

“ O, men that have hearts of flesh, (I pray,)
 That the woes of a poor old tree can feel,
 Come to my help with the merciful steel!
 Come with your axes, and lay me low !
 They are gone, and 't is time I too should go.
 Build in the chimney my funeral pyre,
 And let me mount on wings of fire,
 To crown with deathless green the shore
 Where the fathers are gathered for evermore.”*

Henry Marchant, Esq., already alluded to in this chapter, was a native of Martha's Vineyard. He was brought to Newport when he was but four years of age, and here he passed the remainder of his life in the practice of the law. In the office of Judge Trowbridge, of Cambridge, he acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession; and when he commenced practising, he was the only dissenting or liberal lawyer in the colony. He met with a strong opposition from the majority party, but his legal abilities had only to be known to command for him an overwhelming majority; and he found no difficulty in maintaining his seat in the Legislature for a number of years, through all the vicissitudes of party. During the Revolution, he was an active leader of the Whig party, and one of the most obnoxious individuals to the ministerialists. Elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, he was one of the signers of the Confederation, and while signing, he said, the guns

* “Songs of Field and Flood,” by Rev. C. T. Brooks.

of the Battle of the Brandywine were roaring in his ears. And his biographer adds: "Upon the organization of the government under the Constitution, he was nominated by Gen. Washington, then President of the United States, Judge of the District Court of Rhode Island, and his nomination was unanimously confirmed. The duties of that office were discharged with distinguished ability and reputation until his death."

The remains of Mr. Marchant were interred in the North Burying Ground, near the Perry Monument.

The large white house on Thames Street, and near to the Liberty Tree, was the residence of the late Hon. William Ellery, and is still occupied by his descendants.

Hon. Wm. Ellery was born at Newport, Dec. 22d, 1727. He graduated at Harvard, and entered life as a merchant. In this pursuit he was successful, and at one time he was Naval Officer for the port. In 1770 Mr. Ellery began the practice of the law, and he was soon in the enjoyment of a lucrative business. In 1776, with Stephen Hopkins, he was elected a delegate to the memorable Congress, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. During his public life he was constantly employed on some of the most responsible duties, and at a time when his services were most needed, he was a conspicuous member of the Marine Committee. He left Congress in 1785, and in 1790 he was appointed Collector of the Customs at Newport.

Mr. Ellery contributed largely to the journals of

his day, in behalf of order, public faith and efficient government. He studied the Bible diligently and reverently, and acquainted himself with the opinions and reasons of hostile theologians. Humility was the virtue he prized the most, and he was a sincere advocate of religious freedom.

Mr. Ellery was a self-made man, and his success was the result of self-inspection and self-resistance.

CHAPTER XX.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—SECOND BAPTIST.—CENTRAL BAPTIST.
—METHODIST.—UNITARIAN.—EPISCOPAL MISSION.—FRIENDS.
—ROMAN CATHOLIC.—CONGREGATIONAL.—UNION COLORED

WE should here make mention of the churches of Newport that have not already appeared in these pages.

The First Baptist Church stands on Spring Street, to the rear of the State House. The society was formed very early in the history of the country—either in May, 1639, or March, 1638. It has been a matter of dispute between this society and the First Baptist Church in Providence, which is entitled to priority.

Dr. John Clark was the first pastor, and the first place of worship for the society was erected on Green End. The society was at different times under the pastoral charge of Rev. Obediah Holmes, a graduate of Oxford; Rev. John Comer; Rev. John Callender, whose historical sermon, preached March, 1738, will ever be prized by Rhode Islanders; Rev. Michael Eddy, who discharged the duties of his office a period of nearly fifty years, and many others, distinguished alike for their labors of love and devotion to the cause of Christ.

The society at the present time is under the charge of Rev. S. Adlam.

The Second Baptist Church was established in 1656—the first pastor was Rev. Wm. Vaughan, who presided over the society till 1677. Among his successors the more distinguished were Rev. Gardner Thurston; Rev. Mr. Elton and Rev. M. Gammell—the latter, respected and beloved in no ordinary degree, was sudden struck down by death in 1827, in the midst of great usefulness. His memory is cherished by members of all denominations who were so fortunate as to possess his friendship.

The present pastor is the Rev. Dr. J. O. Choules.

The Second Baptist Church stands at the corner of Meeting and Farewell Streets, and is a gothic structure, built of wood.

The Central Baptist Society worship at their church in Clarke Street. They were established in 1847, purchased the edifice formerly occupied by the Second Congregational Church, and invited Rev. Henry Jackson to be their pastor, who still presides over the church.

The building has been lengthened, raised, modernized within and without, and is now a pleasing and most comfortable church. Before the change the appearance of the interior was very cold and repulsive.

This edifice was set on fire by lightning in 1764, and in Dr. Stiles' Diary, for August 20, 1666, we find the following entry

“Dr. Franklin's Electrical Points were erected a top the spire of my steeple. From the iron spindle there descended two lines of iron rod or wire, adown the N. E. and S. E. corners of the steeple to the ground. The points were of large brass wire, extending about a foot above the vane. They are the first and only electrical rods erected in the colony of Rhode Island, upon

any Meeting House, or any public buildings, and I think there is but one private house in the Colony guarded with them. In Boston, Cambridge, and a few other places in New England, points have lately been erected upon a few Meeting Houses, and the Colleges."

The Methodist Church is located on Marlborough Street. It was erected in 1806.

The first clergyman of this denomination was settled in Newport in 1805. A society was shortly built up, the present structure erected, and the church has continued to prosper and increase. It is now under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy.

The Unitarian Society worship at their church on Mill Street. The society was organized in 1835, and shortly after they purchased the church formerly occupied by the First Congregational Church, under the late Dr. Hopkins. The building was completely modernized, and in turn we have the present pleasing structure, which was dedicated in 1836, and the following year the Rev. Chas. T. Brooks was ordained as the pastor. Mr. Brooks has continued to preside over the society; not a year since he took passage for India, looking to a change of scene and clime to restore his wasted energies.

In the lot to the west of the church, Aug. 5, 1770, Rev. Geo. Whitefield preached in the open air to the crowds who gathered to hear him. The table on which he stood is still in use in the vestry of the Congregational Church.

A few years since, an Episcopal Mission was established in the south part of the city; a number of families soon collected together, the room in which they met was found too small to accommodate

them, and a building (formerly erected for a place of worship, but then unoccupied) was hired, and the society—now known as Emanuel Church—was established. The church has continued to prosper, and it has been sustained principally through contributions from Trinity Church. Probably a handsome church will shortly be built for the society, through the liberality of a few friends of the cause, who have already subscribed for that purpose a handsome sum.

The society is under the charge of Rev. K. J. Stewart.

The Society of Friends was early established on this Island. The first record of their monthly meetings dates from 1676. The annual meeting of the society for the New England States, is held in this city during the month of June. There are two meeting-houses belonging to the two divisions; the one on Mann Avenue, and the other on Tanner Street. The latter was erected about 1700.

In the early history of the colony, the most influential men in the public council were of the Society of Friends. Many members left the Island on the breaking out of the Revolution, never to return, but the number residing within the county is still large.

There are two Roman Catholic Churches in Newport, both belonging to one society. The one, on Mount Vernon Street, was built in 1836. It was slightly constructed, and already exhibits the marks of decay. The other, dedicated within the past year, stands on Spring Street, and is a great ornament to the city. It is of freestone, gothic in style, and when

the spire is completed, the effect from the harbor will be very imposing.

This church is under the charge of Rev. James Fitten.

The Congregational Church stands at the corner of Spring and Pelham Streets, on an elevated site, and shaded by a fine old English walnut, that is still strong and vigorous, though it has withstood the storms of more than a hundred winters.

Prior to 1833, there were two Congregational societies in Newport—the one in Clarke Street, now the Central Baptist; the other in Mill Street, now the Unitarian—but as neither society was in a prosperous condition, it was deemed expedient to join the two bodies in one. The above edifice was erected in 1834, and the society has rapidly increased in size, and is now one of the largest and most influential in the city; and we are under the impression that a new edifice, larger and every way an improvement on the present structure, will be shortly erected. The society is at present under the charge of Rev. Thatcher Thayer.

The colored population of Newport have a church of their own, in Division Street, known as the Union Church. The society was established in 1824, and in 1835 they purchased the present building, which they raised and greatly improved. The society at present is under the charge of Rev. Mr. Gardner.

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